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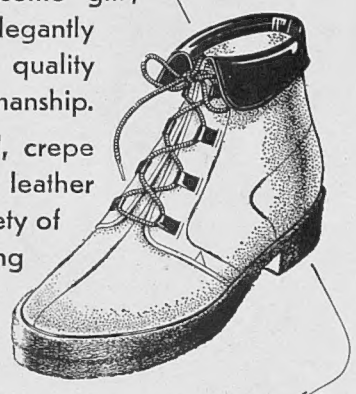

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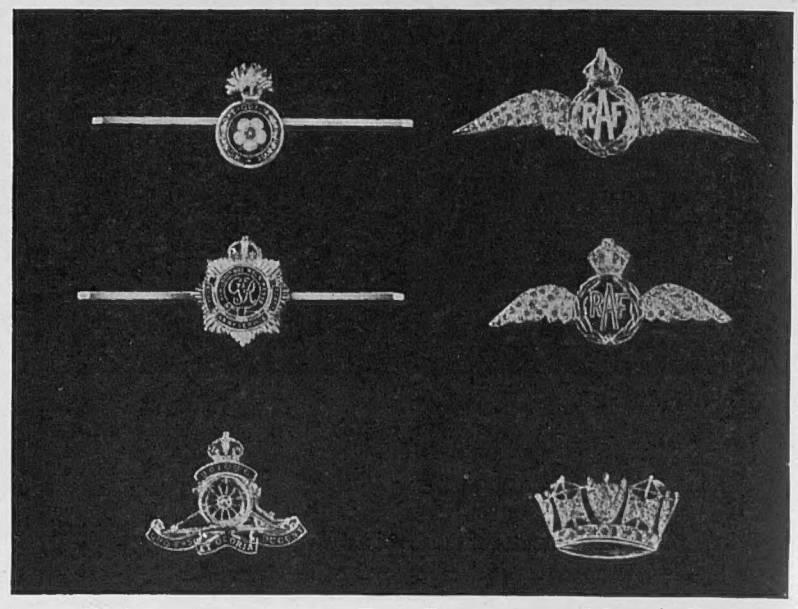

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 2, 1939

SPURTING FIRE FROM THE EARTH

A Hidden Gun Speaks Along the Maginot Line

The two great fortified lines confront each other on the Western Front. There is a fairly regular exchange of artillery fire from the guns which is recorded in the French official communiqués in such brief phrases as "Local activity of the artillery," "Some artillery fire," "Artillery activity." . . . The most curious feature which has developed during the past few days are the attacks of parties of men numbering about 100 who advance up to the first French defensive line and are then beaten back by machine-gun fire and bigger guns behind. Here is a typical message from a correspondent. "The French let loose a hail of shrapnel fire on Hammelsberg, which lies on the Moselle front between Perl and Apach, at nine o'clock. The firing broke a period of calm that had lasted a day and night. The weather is almost the worst since the war began. The waters of the Rhine continue to rise, and the River Lauter, which forms the frontier between Wissembourg and Lauterbourg, also is in flood. The French view that the Germans suffered heavy losses when they made their recent 'mystery' attacks south of Pirmasens and advanced up to the French line of resistance, only to melt away under French fire, is confirmed in a German broadcast"

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THE ENTERTAINMENTS NATIONAL SERVICES ASSOCIATION WELCOME THE KING AND QUEEN AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

Their Majesties visited Drury Lane Theatre a few days ago to see the work of E.N.S.A. which is sending concert parties to France to entertain the troops of the British Expeditionary Force. The King and Queen went on the stage with members of Leslie Henson's "Gaieties" Concert Party which were rehearsing before leaving for France this week. The Queen talked to Binnie Hale (in ballet dress) and Violet Loraine

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, November 29, 1939

THE LAST WOLF.

—The terrible weapon (or one of them) so long threatened by the gangsters for the final overthrow of Britain is proving without doubt to be an oblique weapon. It is the indiscriminate laying of mines by submarines to destroy not British shipping only, but the shipping of the whole world. It is a Nazi decision which flies in the face of the laws of God and man, and there is nothing very new to say about that. The Nazis and the Prussians have always preferred foul means to fair and it is no new thing that Germany should turn to barbarism even before she has failed to achieve her ends by methods which humanity and international law accept as justified in war. It is for Germany one more fatal decision. As surely as she drowns hundreds of neutrals and destroys thousands of tons of neutral shipping, so surely she drowns herself. The ring of hate deepens and masses round her; the world, long since opposed to the criminal and murderous policy of Nazism in opinion, is surely being drawn in against her in more practical form. She is taking the risk of *Lusitania* incidents in mass and in reckless disregard of the consequences and it can only end in one way—a war to the death on every front, a war by the world at large to exterminate the last wolves that prey on civilisation. It is small wonder if our Government has decided to take the swiftest and surest means which economic warfare affords to shorten the period of mass murder on the high seas. If it bears hard on small neutral states, let them remember that Germany bears hard on small neutrals, and that it is better to suffer delays and loss of trade than to lie under the heel of an aggressor, bleeding and pillaged and enslaved.

HATRED OF ENGLAND—THE WARNING OF HISTORY.

—Hatred of England was never more intense in Germany than it is to-day. We are inclined to think that it is some new force in German national life, engendered and whipped up by Nazi propaganda for war ends. When we speak our hopes of a settlement at last on lines of international fellowship and understanding we should first study the history of Germany in the past three generations, and if that study reveals depressing lessons we should at least not neglect those lessons in shaping our peace aims to the best advantage compatible with facts. The loose assurance that we are not fighting the German nation but its present Government is, in the light of past German history, a dangerous saying. We do not want to fight with the nation, but is the German of the same mind? In so far as Germany is Prussia, in so far as she derives her aggressiveness from the Prussians, Germany is not of the same mind. Three generations of youth have been consistently bred up to hate England and everything English, to see in the British Empire the sole barrier, which must be shattered at all costs, to the dream of German imperialism deep in the heart of every Prussian who has ever thought at all. That dream is that Germany should assume the mantle of old Greece and old Rome and impose on the whole world by force a spiritual and cultural domination of German creative thought in every department of human life—religion, art, poetry, science, politics, and social service. To attain that dream successive German leaders have hardened and militarised the youth of Germany, to that end her thinkers and writers have burned enthusiasm to a white heat. England the intolerable barrier, England the first, last and only enemy. That was the one message of Treitschke and Bernardi; it was their policy that the rulers of Germany have for nearly three generations ceaselessly carried out, never weakening, if sometimes toying with the alternative plan of "squaring" Britain by a friendship of expediency. There is nothing new in Hitlerism. It is but Treitschke and Prussianism under a new dress. Twice in the last thirty years bitter disappointment has come to Prussianism. Twice it has been convinced that Britain at last was outworn and the barrier breaking. And so it is, that if we rest satisfied with destroying Hitlerism, the dream of Prussianism will remain and Europe will be plunged in blood within another generation. Our peace aim must be to remove as painlessly as may be the sting and curse of Prussianism which is as deeply felt in Germany as in Europe.

INSIDE GERMANY.—

The Nazi propaganda machine will give us many and constant assurances that the growing belief that all is not smooth in the ranks of the party leaders is mere "wishful thinking," and no doubt we should be slow to accept as gospel the pointers given through neutral press observers. But there is no smoke without fire and there is indeed a great deal of smoke issuing from here and there. German military inaction for eleven vital weeks of war is inexplicable on any other ground than on a sharp division of opinion between Hitler's political advisers and his army leaders. It is well known that the latter had always opposed his lightning ventures into Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland on the ground that any one of them might have brought about a war on two fronts. When none of them did so, no doubt they came temporarily to the conclusion that the man was a superman. But even that belief could not persuade them that a lightning stroke against the Maginot Line could be other than a dangerously expensive failure which might lead to disastrous disillusionment in the army and in the nation. Situated as at present they are, their aerodromes are proving too far removed from British soil to make effective any lightning stroke by air on Britain. And, apart from the doubtful balance of advantage, when reprisal followed, the Nazi policy is still to favour France at the expense of Britain. Clearly the Nazis do not want to begin indiscriminate bombing in France, for they are well aware that the French will respond instantly and ruthlessly. And already they are gravely aware that the Allies are their masters in the air.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH.

—And nothing remains but the sea adventure, and on the German side at sea there has been nothing "lightning" or "knock-out" to claim hitherto. Already the results of barbarism have been even more fatal to Germany than to neutral shipping. Our blockade is effective, our shipping is still unscratched on balance, and the tale of sunken U-boats for ever grows. More are always being built, but it takes far more time and trouble to man them if they are to be more than sea-tombs. And the Nazis have indeed passed on to their next weapon, the reckless laying of mines on the free waterways. It is reasonable to believe from these facts and arguments and from events that all is not smooth and unanimous within the party. We know it is not so within the nation. Everyone is suspect of his neighbour in the streets. Wholesale arrests take place daily. Gestapo, party leaders, Jews, Monarchists, Catholics, Communists, Freedom party men, Nazis, all are suspect, and the country is a whispering gallery in which even the grouses of queue-waiters are heard and reported. And round Germany the ring of hate grows in the outer "Reich," which is no Reich. Blood flows in vengeance again in Prague. Sporadic rebellion and secret sabotage continually break out in Czechoslovakia and Poland and in Austria *infelix*. Sleeping anti-Nazi movements are awake again and active in Austria, in Bavaria, and even in Prussia. And beyond that inner-outer ring is the daily less veiled hostility of the neutrals, with a new note of

A DISTINGUISHED V.C. IS APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Another V.C. joins General Lord Gort in the Allied High Command with the appointment of Major-General B. C. Freyberg as commander of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Major-General Freyberg, who was wounded nine times in the last war, became known as "the man who captured 500 Germans"

NEWSLETTER— No. XIII

determination from Scandinavia. The mills of God are grinding. The grapes of wrath are being pressed out. But slowly yet. The vast power and efficiency of the German race, drilled and enslaved to force, is still untouched. Her shots are in her locker still. If her ultimate doom is already sealed so far as her Nazi Government is concerned, her great effort is yet to come. Events and facts suggest that that effort must now soon be made and the fateful decision taken by Hitler with or without the approval of his army chiefs.

STORMING THE MAGINOT LINE.—

Surely that must be one of the last manifestations of the absurdity of Goebbels' propaganda machine, the final laughter-raiser of the paper war, those faked "news-reels" which the Germans are making of the storming of the Maginot Line. They are being carefully "shot" in Bohemia under expert military advice, and they show the Maginot Line crumbling up before the assaults of the incomparable military machine that Hitler built. They will be released to neutrals, and I daresay will give a happy session to many. But have they more than a recreational value? Surely not, even if passed by the censor for infants only. For this is wishful thinking of the most pathetic kind—nay, pathological kind. At the moment of writing, the Maginot Line has not crumbled; indeed, hitherto I doubt if six German planes which have ventured to examine its depth from the air have lived to return and tell the tale. The wish was father, Adolf, to the thought, and I greatly fear that children as well as adults in Belgium and Scandinavia, in South America, even in Russia, and certainly in Poland, will laugh at you and the little Doctor, and possibly coin for you the nickname of Daddy Do-little.

CHATHAM HOUSE.

—I think it was the same day on which Sir John Simon urged every man, woman and child to save and pinch in order to lend money to the Government to wage the war successfully that the list was published in Hansard of the personnel and salaries of the Royal Institute of International Relations now evacuated to and working at a famous college. It is a very large and very expensive staff, which may be justified in peace-time, but the results of its nineteen years of research have not prevented or dissipated the fog that has hung over Europe since 1930. These professors and experts with linguistic qualifications and very varied theories and ideals divide the world up into sections and spend their time reading the foreign press and making no doubt brilliant résumés, reports and appreciations of conditions and policy and opinions in different countries for the use of Government departments, in the economic, political and social fields. The Treasury bears the cost to the tune of £35,000 a year—a sum which in theory, if not in results, may be justified experimentally in a wealthy nation in times of peace. To-day, it can only be a handle for criticism and an invitation to the hard-hit taxpayer to invite the Government to practise what it preaches. I have seen of late at first hand some of the uses to which the Government is putting university cities, and the evacuation of Chatham House and the Government's continued subvention of its activities, supplementing the Ministry of Information, are some of many such uses which the average taxpayer regards with cynical distaste.

KEEPING UP EGYPT'S RECORD FOR PRETTINESS

Egypt's baby princess celebrated her first birthday on November 21. Princess Ferial, the baby daughter of King Farouk and Queen Farida of Egypt, has a smile which captivates everyone. She is here seen as she sat for her picture at the Royal Palace

A MEMBER OF THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY JOINS THE BRITISH ARMY

Major Kermit Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt, the famous American President, recently joined the British Army following his adoption of British nationality. He was wearing his British army uniform when this portrait was obtained

FRONT BENCH BROADCASTERS.

—The long winter evenings are now being enlivened by a new series of talks by Ministers. These talks in the past have proved sometimes enlivening, sometimes not. It does not follow that because a man is a Minister, he is therefore qualified for the task of stimulating us, advising us, or cheering us up. A Minister is not necessarily an orator, and an orator in the House often fails on the wireless, especially when his oratory depends on visual aids. Many Ministers are good organisers and men of action. Comparatively few are great orators, and many of them, after long practice, remain exceedingly poor. Mr. Churchill is a trained orator in any medium. He stands alone. (Sir Archibald Sinclair, faint yet pursuing, has taken him for his model.) Mr. Chamberlain has a certain rugged appeal. He is devoid of tricks and frills. Lord Baldwin was very effective. He conveyed the idea that he was speaking as man to man to every listener. Lord Halifax charms us by the nobility of his thought and the beauty of his voice. He brings us back to the great days without himself revealing the qualities of great oratory. Of the Labour Party, Mr. Greenwood is the most telling. Mr. Attlee is very unsympathetic. I am not attracted by Mr. Belisha, and Sir Samuel Hoare's efforts to stimulate us or comfort us have usually been mistimed and curiously ineffective. Lord de la Warr needs years of practice before he can efficiently join the cast. Ministers and party leaders do not sufficiently appreciate that a microphone orator is only produced by the painful processes and infinite practice which produce a great actor. Oratory is much more allied to dramatic genius than they realise. That is why the best broadcasters we have hitherto produced have been men like the late Lord Knutsford and Dick Sheppard, like Lord Ponsonby and like Mr. Christopher Stone.

PUBLIC SCHOOL COSTS—A MOTHER'S PLEA.

—A mother whose son is going next term to a famous public school has written me a letter which seems to offer a sound suggestion. She says: "Next term my boy goes to ———and must be dressed entirely in navy blue. At his preparatory school he had to be dressed entirely in grey. So now, when in possession of several perfect grey suits, he must put them away and will never wear them out. I suppose it is very nice and smart that all the boys should dress exactly alike, but could not the rule be abolished at least for the duration of the war? It is a concession which would cost the school nothing and would show its willingness to help parents, by allowing new boys to come to the school in whatever clothes were worn at the preparatory school. The fees of a public school have already become a nightmare and hundreds of parents would appreciate the concession." I hope this may catch the eye of a few headmasters. It is a hint which some of them will be foolish to neglect and should take note of *at once*. It is a reform which would stem the tide of withdrawals and might give a tardy hint that public schoolmasters are not ostriches. THE OLD STAGER

TO BROADCAST YUGOSLAVIAN NEWS IN CROATIAN

Miss Mariana Horvat-Ivanovic has just come to this country as the latest recruit to the B.B.C. foreign news announcers. She will give the official B.B.C. Yugoslav news in Croatian

WITH THE FRENCH DEFENDERS OF THE WESTERN LINE

Above—A FRENCH SENTRY GUARDING ONE OF THE SUPPLY RAILROADS

On left—M. DALADIER, THE FRENCH Ppremier, ACCOMPANIED BY M. GUY LA CHAMBRE, AIR MINISTER, AT THE FRONT

During a two-day visit to French Air Force units at the front they saw the fighter unit which took part in the first big air victory of the war. In this, nine French fighters attacked twenty-seven Messerschmitts and brought down nine. General Vuillemin, Chief of the Air Staff, in M. Daladier's presence, decorated a number of pilots with the Croix de Guerre for exploits in recent weeks. The two Ministers finished their tour by visiting the fighter unit which has the largest number of victories to its credit. This unit, which has been mentioned in dispatches, is shortly to receive the first aiglets—lanyards worn over the left shoulder as a military distinction—granted to any unit

ONE OF THE MANY BIG GUNS ENTRENCHED ALONG THE FRENCH FRONT; AND THE MEN WHO WORK THEM

"As for horizon blue, the French soldier had said good-bye to it without regret. It was, he tells you, too conspicuous; it showed every splash and stain. It faded patchily. Khaki now is the wear in the fighting line; and to this there is but one exception. The crack regiment of light infantry, the Chasseurs à Pied, have somehow managed to retain the distinction of their dark blue uniform. But even they wear khaki greatcoats instead of their old-time blue"

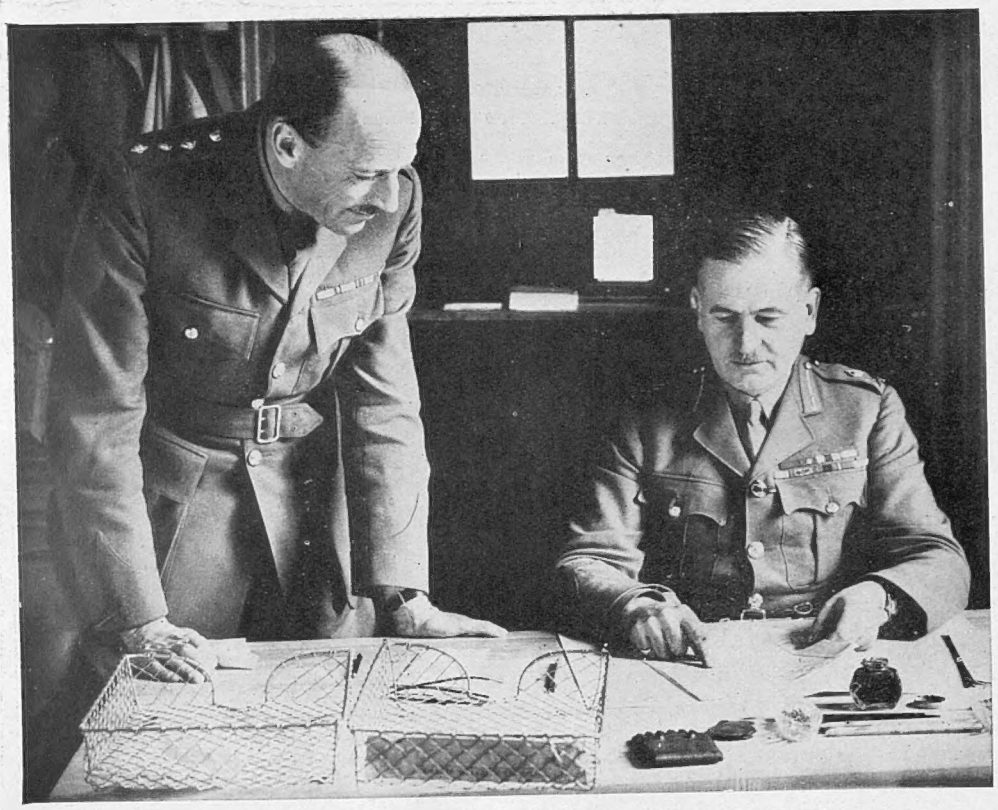
THE CLEAN-SHAVEN YOUNG POILUS OF TO-DAY RESTING BENEATH THE GROUND ALONG THE MAGINOT LINE

"Fashions change in the world of war. Moustaches—or those of generous size, at any rate—and horizon blue uniforms belong in 1939 to units of middle-aged non-combatants behind the lines. Time was, only a generation ago, when the only clean-shaven Frenchmen were actors and café waiters. But the young France of to-day goes in, no less than the young Briton, for the complete shave." Not a single moustache appears in the group seen above!

BUILDING FASCINE PROTECTIONS FOR "LA LIONNE," ONE OF THE MANY HEAVY GUNS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

German prisoners of war have said that the rank and file when they first came up against the French on the Lorraine front in September took the khaki-clad and clean-shaven troops to be British. In their Teutonic provinces they had not heard tell of the decay in France of the tradition of the generous moustache, nor of the eclipse of the uniform of horizon blue. Fashions change, but the French have gone in for nothing so original as the new British battle-dress, word of which has come along the line, making all ranks feel curious to see it. The French wear their khaki with a difference. It does not make them indistinguishable from the British—at least to the eyes of the two Allies. As with the etiquette and nomenclature of the two armies, each maintains its characteristics

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF LEAVES G.H.Q. FOR A TOUR OF INSPECTION WITH HIS STAFF.—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: CAPTAIN E. V. OYLER, CAPTAIN C. J. D. JEFFREYS, MAJOR D. W. GORDON, CAPTAIN LORD MUNSTER, GENERAL LORD GORT, AND LIEUT.-GENERAL H. R. POWNALL (CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF)



LIEUT.-GENERAL H. R. POWNALL, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF.—AT WORK AT HIS DESK AT G.H.Q. WITH HIS A.D.C., CAPTAIN E. V. OYLER

MAJOR D. W. GORDON AND CAPTAIN THE EARL OF MUNSTER DISCUSSING REPORTS IN THEIR OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS

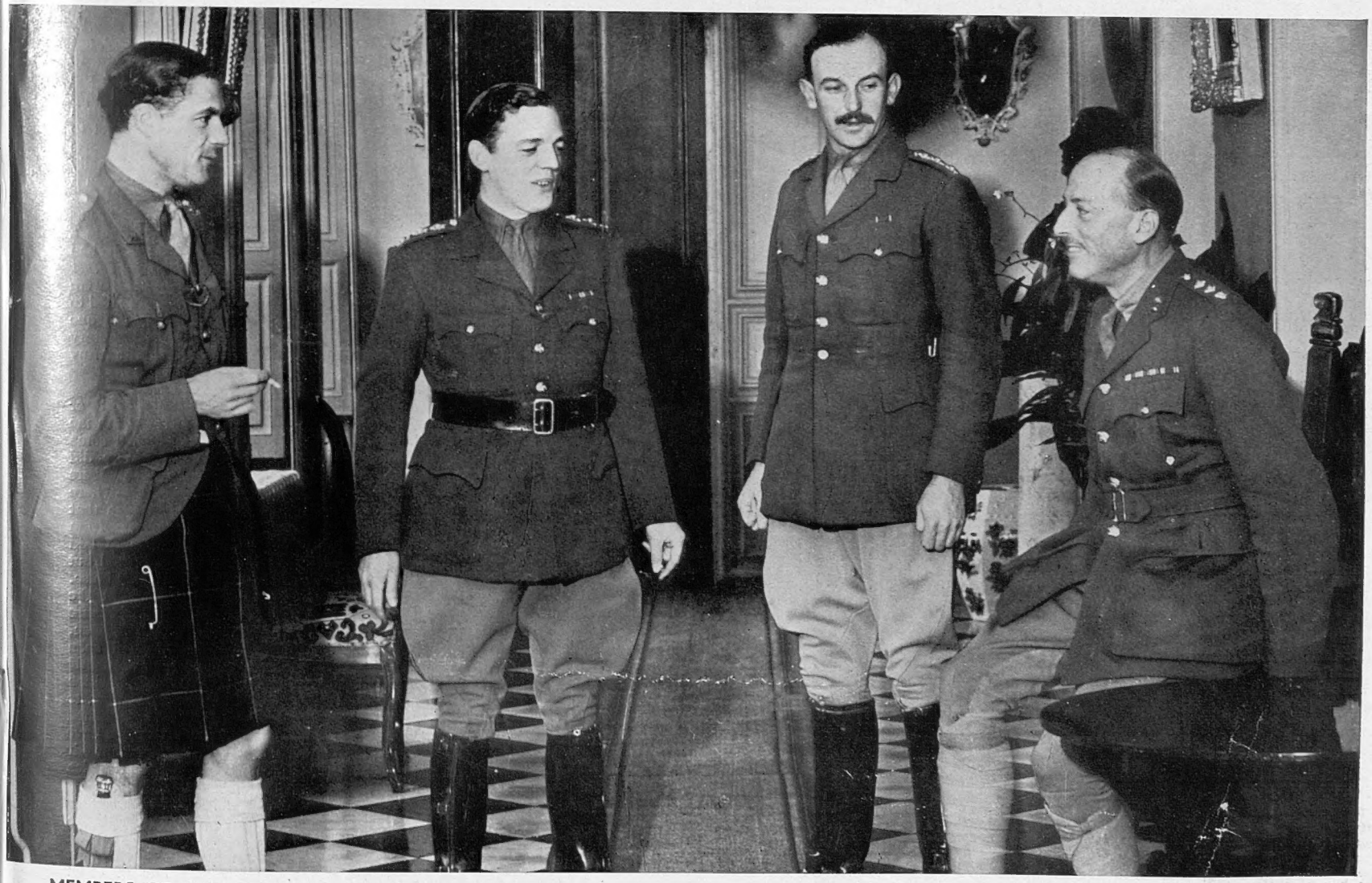
BREAKFAST UNDER ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS.—OFFICERS OF THE STAFF FORGATHER AT BREAKFAST BEFORE BEGINNING THE WORK OF THE DAY AT G.H.Q.

THE FIRST NEWS BULLETIN OF THE DAY.—LISTENING IN TO BRITISH AND FOREIGN REPORTS ON THE RADIO

FIRST PICTURES of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and HIS STAFF

Official War Office Photographs from British General Headquarters in France—*(Crown Copyright Reserved)*

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF (GENERAL LORD GORT), THE QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL (MAJOR-GENERAL W. G. LINDSELL, D.S.O., M.C.) and H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT BREAKFAST IN THE HEADQUARTERS CHATEAU



MEMBERS OF THE PERSONAL STAFF.—MAJOR D. W. GORDON, CAPTAIN THE EARL OF MUNSTER, CAPTAIN C. J. D. JEFFREYS AND CAPTAIN E. V. OYLER

The location of British General Headquarters in the Field is rightly regarded as a secret. The War Office, however, without disclosing this (and other) secrets, has released the above set of pictures for publication. Headquarters are situated in a French chateau; and from this point the work of co-ordinating the British effort goes steadily forward. The presence of the Duke of Gloucester is explained by the fact that H.R.H. is chief liaison officer in France

"FRIGHTFULNESS" BY SEA—AND BY AIR?

But This Time It Will Be a Weapon That Must Break in Hitler's Hand (The Strategy of the War—X)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

DURING the past week, whilst we have felt the temperature getting lower, it is possible that our temper has been steadily rising. There are certain things we do not like. We hate war, but if we have to wage war we have no thought of waging it other than in accordance with the rules of civilised warfare in exactly the same way as we play our cricket and football, in accordance with the recognised rules. We despise a player who resorts to dirty tricks, one who deliberately trips an opponent. We are all glad to see such a player suspended and warned off the field. That may well happen to Hitler.

The past week has removed every atom of sympathy with him from the whole civilised world. We have watched him break his word so often to country after country that we have long ceased to expect anything else, but his last effort in contravening every rule of warfare at sea, and his own recent agreement on the subject will be his undoing. It was bad enough that he alone should have plunged the French and British into war with Germany. It is worse that he alone should plunge innocent men, women and children of neutral countries to their death in the sea.

British and French ships have to take the risk, as we are at war, but the indiscriminate mining of neutral liners and merchant ships has horrified the whole world. It is a weapon that must break in his own hand. Neutrals must trade and will. Despite Hitler's magnetic mines, the magnet of cash will prove the stronger. We hear a lot about guns and butter. The issue now will be between gold and barter.

The news from the Western Front is good. Mr. Hore-Belisha and our various war correspondents all pay tribute to the health, morale and efficiency of our B.E.F., and to the happy associations formed with our French comrades. To me one of the most comforting figures is that 1,000 tons of spare parts have gone across to the B.E.F. When I think of the early days of the last war with only two rounds per gun per day, and 60 per cent. of our mechanical transport off the road in 1918 for want of spare parts, it makes one pleased with the present conditions.

One cannot imagine a more formidable object to find in front of one than the Maginot Line of 800 miles of defences in real depth and full of every kind of devilment and surprise, and no way round this time. I am always happy when I think of Hitler and his advisers examining the plans of this great obstacle in front of them. He has at the moment got a good moon, the same moon which Bairnsfather so well depicted in the last war. As I write, one can read the evening paper out of doors by moonlight. His planes could not fail to find the Maginot Line, the English coast, the Thames, London, or anywhere else, but Hitler still holds back and I think will continue to do so.

It looks as if he very nearly stepped across into Holland and Belgium about November 12. It would be interesting to know who or what stopped him. It certainly was more than the horror of breaking his word. If he never intended to violate the neutrality of Holland or Belgium, it was certainly a very big bluff concentration, arranged up to the last gaiter button. I am sure it was more than that. It is just possible that he was attracted by plans for over-running south-eastern Europe, and visualised the overthrow of Rumania like Poland, thus gaining the oilfields and an easy access to the Black Sea. I do not think so.

Those sort of schemes happen in what are called "war games," but not in the real thing. It is the best part of 1,000 miles from the Western Front to Rumania. Present-day armies, with their consumption of oil and petrol, do not move thousands of miles for bluff. Surprise concentrations are a thing of the past. Present-day air forces have ended all that. Even if he had an idea of going to south-eastern Europe it would seem that he would arrive too late, this year at any rate. The bloc in that part of the world appears to get stronger. I am sure everyone was pleased to hear Sir George Clerk's delightful account of Turkey on the wireless. It recalled many happy memories to me of that country and my association with General Ismet Inönü.

In the air there is increasing activity daily, and many reconnaissances by both sides, and there have been many fights in the air with a large and increasing balance in favour of the Allies. One cannot think that Hitler, up to date, can have gained much comfort from the boasted supremacy of his Air Force. With our increased production and the snowball output of air strength to be furnished by our Dominions and trained in Canada, his prospect of supremacy in the air is not too rosy, but it is early days yet.

His loss of tonnage has been great, but will be far greater now when everything destined in and out of Germany may come into the net. He has only himself to blame. In desperation and fury he will no doubt scream, "Mines and more mines." That policy can never win a war. It can be but a passing, if very horrible phase, and I feel sure that the Navy and Air Force will before long overcome that form of frightfulness.

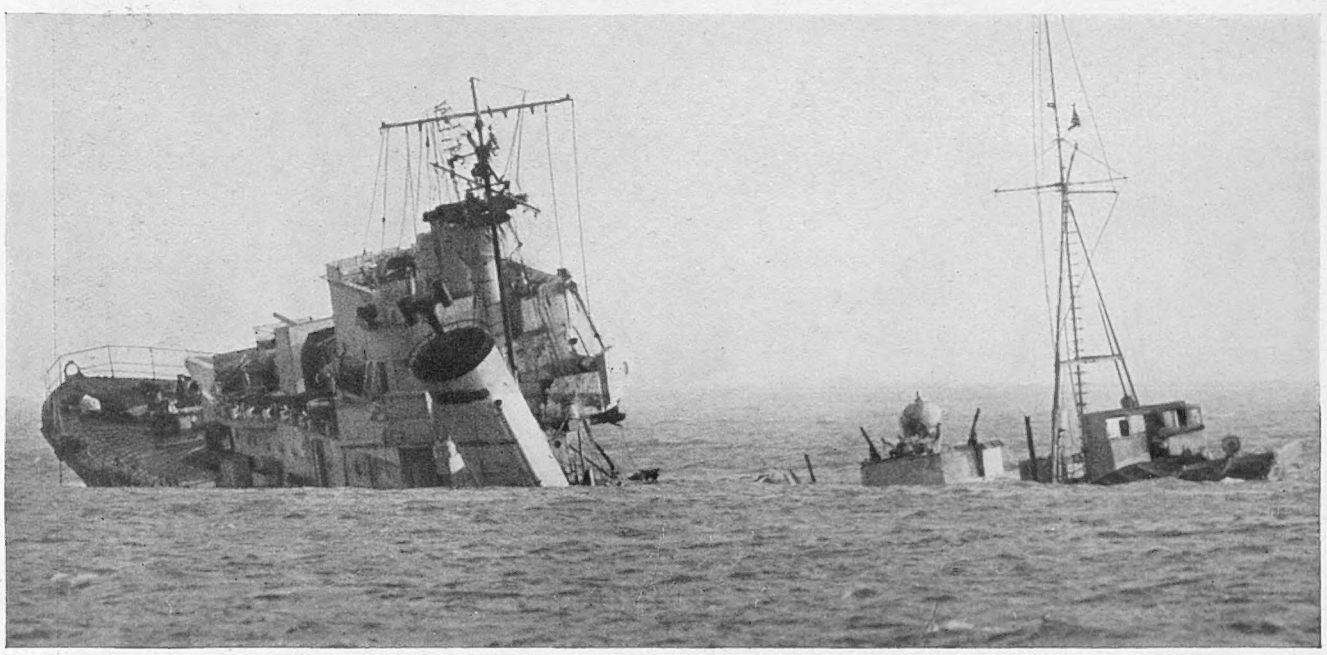
The idea of dropping mines from flying-boats by parachute is certainly a new form of warfare to me. This is presumably the great surprise which Hitler threatened us with. He is evidently now gloating over it and no longer contends that the mines are British. He has been well styled a contortionist. I knew the Japanese ship, *Terukuni Maru*, which was sunk, very well. She used to visit Gibraltar regularly and was one of the N.Y.K. motor ships. I travelled home once in the *Haruna Maru*. The night before reaching England, they gave us what is called "Sukiaki." It means that you sit on deck without any shoes on, and your meal is cooked on a little stove while you sit round it, and it is eaten with chopsticks. That must have taken place very near to the scene of the recent disaster to her sister ship.

As I write, news has come in of no less than twenty-one planes having been destroyed in the last few days by the Allies, with very little loss to themselves. It not only puts us in good heart, and makes us proud of our airmen and those of our Allies, but it makes us think a lot about all these threatened attacks on London and on England generally. If they come, one wonders very much how they will attempt it. Will it be in one terrific attempt by hundreds of machines at the same time, or will it be by a series of relays?

I can only speak by experience of the latter method, though naturally on a very modified scale. When I went with Lord Plumer to Italy, after Caporetto, the Allied Headquarters, Italian, British and French, were all established in Padua, where we had no defences. We were soon located by Austrian aircraft and our position was not pleasant. The River Po was a direct line to Padua, as the Thames on a moonlight night is a direct line to London. Enemy planes bombed us at intervals of 20 minutes, and it was exceedingly unpleasant. We had no cover whatever, no cellars and no dug-outs and all three headquarters were eventually driven out.

It is that experience which makes me say that bombing by reliefs is worse for the inhabitants. It is very maddening when you think that the danger is past to hear the raiders coming over again. Personally I do not believe that Hitler, until possibly at his last gasp, is going to let his bombers go for London, and every day shows his chances of success as growing less. Every day we get stronger and better prepared. Every day his task gets harder.

It is pleasing to-day to know that many of his machines have been shot down with little loss to the Allies, but it is not that which matters. It is the gain to our morale—the knowledge of the superiority of the Allies and the certain blow to his morale. The Allied successes in the air are worth a guinea a minute. Rub them in and keep rubbing them in. Once establish superiority in the air and we shall have gained a lot, whether by air or land. It is imperative for us to keep our present superiority and not to relax it for one instant. It may well be the deciding factor in the war.



MINED OFF THE EAST COAST

The half-submerged hull of H.M. destroyer *Gipsy* which struck a mine causing the loss of forty ratings and twenty-one officers. Over 100 survivors were landed during the night while searchlights from the land and from naval craft lit up the scene. Over thirty of the survivors were rescued while swimming against a strong ebb tide and were led by a powerful swimmer who shouted words of encouragement to them. An irony of the disaster was that during the same day the *Gipsy* had rescued three German airmen who were found adrift in a rubber boat in the North Sea and brought them safely to port

To return to the Western Front, it is pleasing to think that this is the twenty-first anniversary of the formation of the Army Sports Control Board, of which I was the first President. It was the outcome of the last war, in which I always maintained that the "leather" of the football and boxing glove played a very important part in winning the war by the almost instant restoration of morale to the troops after heavy losses. That movement in the three services was really the forerunner to all the playing fields which have since been provided by our big firms for their employees, and was also the forerunner of the National Playing Fields movement.

To-day, "Somewhere or Everywhere" in France the B.E.F. are playing with "leather," not to restore their morale, but to give them an appetite for the next meal and to uphold that grand fitness of the British soldier. It may be of interest to relate how the Army Sports Control Board was originally started. After the war I was a member of Lord Byng's Committee of the United Service Fund which was to distribute a large sum of money which had accumulated from various canteen and other funds. I ascertained that all of us, who were still serving, were entitled to a sum of some 5s. each which amounted to £80,000. I left that committee in Whitehall with a cheque for £80,000 which I handed over to the Under-Secretary of State for War, and that was the start of the Army Sports Control Board.

I do not propose to refer to Elser, Best or Stevens. The whole story completely baffles me and we can only await developments. I still come back to that question which puzzles me. Why did not Hitler go into Holland from which his bombers would have been protected by his fighters? There must have been some good reason. Do we owe that halt to King Leopold or to some information from America? It may be so. Is there some deep laid scheme between Hitler and Stalin being worked out for the future in south-eastern Europe? It may be so.

What I think we have to guard against at the moment is an idea, which is increasing, that because nothing has happened so far nothing will happen, and that Hitler is cornered and that he will soon realise it. Not a bit of it. We should be devoutly thankful that we have had this respite during which we have been able to transfer our army to France, to further its training and to get it safely established alongside our Allies, and that during that time we have been able to witness the growing efficiency of our Air Force, but do not let anyone run away with the idea that our task has gone much farther than the start.

The great German nation has never in its history put up what is called "a poor fight," and it is certainly not going to do so this time. Had Hitler been blown up at Munich it would not have ended this war, as some people imagine. There are lots of other "isms" besides Hitlerism, including Nazism, Prussianism, and Germanism. There is not much difference between any of them in peace-time and none in war. We are up against a big task, but we can face it with every confidence that we shall win through.

CASUALTIES OF THE WAR BY LAND AND SEA

THE SHETLAND RABBIT IN ITS SEVEN-FOOT CRATER

For some reason or reasons best known to themselves, the German Air Force have been flying out to the windy Shetland Islands. Recently there were two raids in which eight bombs were dropped on the same day. Of the eight bombs dropped four fell on land and the remaining four in the sea. Holes 6 or 7 ft. deep were made in the ground and a road was temporarily blocked, but no further damage was done on land, and at sea no ships were hit. A rabbit was discovered in a crater together with a fragment of bomb casing

THE MUCH BATTERED WRECK OF THE DANISH LINER "CANADA" IS HIT BY THE GREEK STEAMER "GEORGIOS"

The bow of the *Georgios* got stuck in the wreckage of the Danish liner *Canada*. The scene is an extraordinary one, the upper works of the liner on the right having the appearance of a white house rising above the waves. How dangerous these half-sunken wrecks can be is testified to by the following message. After having been out for seventeen hours, an east coast lifeboat returned to her station with forty-six men —the crews of two ships which had both struck the same submerged wreck. The lifeboat was called out on Sunday night to a British steamer which had struck a wreck off the east coast. The lifeboat was returning when she received a wireless message that another ship had struck the same wreckage

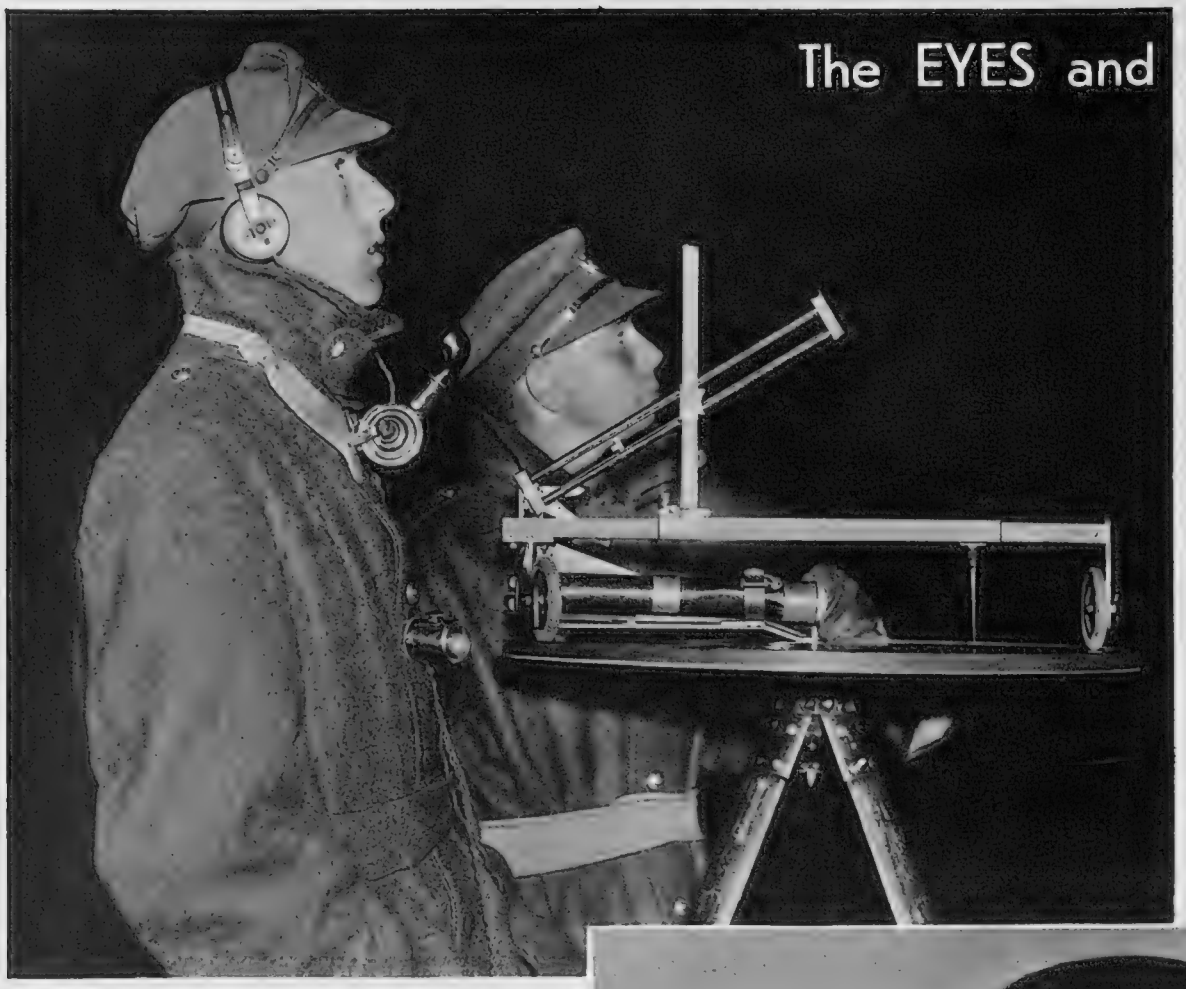
The EYES and EARS of the WAR

Scientific Wonders which are Being Made in Britain To-day

IMAGINE a deaf and blind boxer trying to fight a normal opponent. Or going from the extreme, imagine two well-matched boxers of whom one has just that extra quickness of eye and accuracy of judgment. You know at once which man you would back. Carrying the simile still farther, one man has carefully rubbed his shoes in the resin before the first round, while his opponent's seconds have failed to supply any; one man's hand bandages are perfectly and scientifically adjusted, the other loses because his bandages are inaccurately applied.

As in a fight, so in war-time. The eyes and ears of an army, navy, and air force, the scientific accuracy of every form of supply are vitally important. And after three days of extensive touring of factories and inspection depots, during which every question was answered with bewildering detail down to the 10,000th part of a millimetre, the 1,000,000th part of an inch, one degree of heat in 2,000, and two seconds of accuracy in a right angle, with the confidence that no machinery in the world would beat ours, I report that the British forces have nothing to grumble about so far as the eyes and ears of war are concerned.

Since in any case I am not allowed to mention the places I visited, you must take it that the following facts are the result of



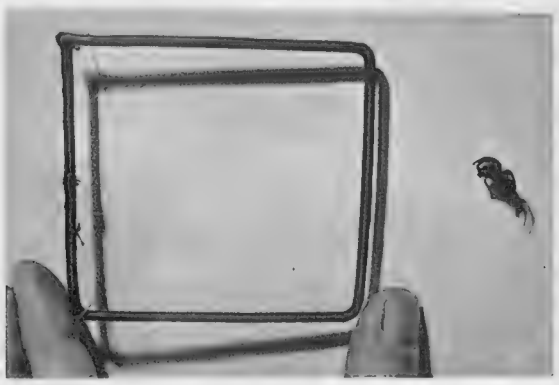
THE HEIGHT-FINDER AT WORK BY NIGHT

Observers plot the course of an unidentified aircraft with special plotting table and instruments. The report is simultaneously telephoned through to the central control

A BINOCULAR BEING TESTED PRIOR TO GOING TO FRANCE

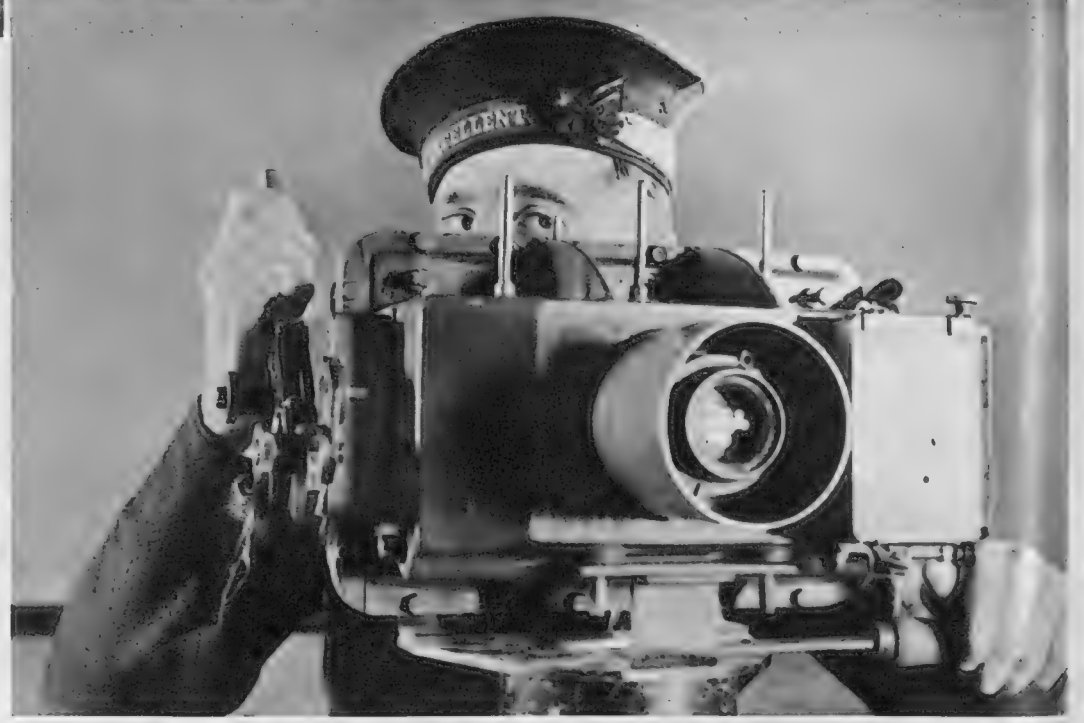
BINOCULAR LENSES BEING ADJUSTED WITH THE AID OF A COLLIMATOR INSTRUMENT

The above two pictures were taken at a large optical instrument makers' factory. It is at present exclusively engaged upon contracts for the Ministry of Supply



SPIDERS DO THEIR BIT FOR BRITAIN

British spiders are now working for the Allies! One factory in London has ten tame spiders, portions of whose webs are used as thin lines to divide the lens into squares



"A LOW-ANGLE MARKING CAMERA"

This wonderful apparatus registers the fall of the shell in relation to the target when gun practice is in operation. It is of great assistance to the naval gunners in their task of gun-plotting

ONE OF THE SCIENTIFIC WONDERS OF THE WAR: THE PREDICTOR AT WORK

This instrument is linked with the height-finder and the guns. The various dials work out the *future* position of the aeroplane at the time of firing, set the shell fuses . . . and even allow for the variation of the shells owing to wind

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

25 miles walking through four factories and a depot, and talks with at least fifteen experts.

First let us take something which is daily behind the news of "successful reconnaissance flights by the R.A.F." That is the camera, and more particularly the lens, carried on the aeroplane. Formerly the F.4 E.M.I. (Extra Marginal Illumination), which covered a plate 7 ins. square, was used—and still is.

But the latest lens made by a famous firm with headquarters not far from London (which once "resighted" the entire British Navy with power telescopes) is a wonder. It has a field of 95 deg., which is very near the maximum possible, and costs £300 net. This lens will cover a plate 7 ins. square, and even at the edge the distortion is hardly measurable—in fact, only .015 of an inch. I saw some of the photographs taken as high as 20,000 ft. over London and I could pick out the parks and even the main streets clearly.

People talk glibly of a famous German firm whose lenses are supposed to be unbeatable. They cannot touch this new British lens, and, further, their latest binoculars are merely copies of some made by this British firm seven years ago. There is written proof of this.

I talked with the inventor of this F.5/5 lens, as it is called. When he designed it he put in the specification that he would resolve 293 lines to the millimetre in the centre of the plate. The National Physical Laboratory, who tested it, have given it a certificate to that exact effect! I asked *how* you invent a lens. Well, this particular lens took him three weeks preliminary thought in his office, by which time he considered he had *the idea* right. Then followed four months work on figures, angles of light, curvatures and abstruse problems which in his neat handwriting filled four largish volumes. One calculation would take thirty pages.

"And how did the first one you made turn out?" I asked unsuspectingly. "Was it right?"

With a hurt look he replied, "I should have got the sack if it hadn't been right."

It is mounted in stainless steel, and is held in place by a light spring pressure which allows for expansion or contraction owing to the difference in temperature, which for aerial work may be between 100 deg. Fah. on the ground and 40 deg. below zero at 25,000 ft.

I watched the skilled men at work on this task of making a lens which in places is only a few tenths of a millimetre thick. Their judgment and delicacy has to be seen to be believed, as they polish away with pitch and rouge.

The whole works is a maze of accuracy, every piece of glass, every prism, tested again and again. I saw one machine which tests the accuracy of the angle of a lens to 1/1,800th of a degree, another where a mirror is optically flat to 1/1,000,000th part of an inch, and is worth £200, though only about 4 ins. square.

There was a borer, accurate to 1/10,000th of an inch, used for making parts for the predictor—of which more later—the jig of which cost £3,000.

I saw in process gun-sights being made, and it needs no imagination to realise how accurate these must be; binoculars for range-finders by which the officer can look forwards and at the same time take a bearing from an object, like a church tower, which is behind him; a two-man affair at which the Tommy sits on the left and keeps an aeroplane in sight in a small circle traced on the glass in a 12-power telescope, while on the right the officer sits looking through a 30-power telescope and can concentrate on recognising aircraft.

There were binoculars which brought out depths in a stereoscopic manner, and the latest binoculars, which are being turned out in large quantity and are better than any ever before produced. In brief, the amount of light on their lenses has been increased from 57 per cent. to 70 per cent., and objects invisible in the dusk with ordinary binoculars can now be clearly seen.

After seeing the strenuous examination at every stage of construction, I should have imagined that these "eyes" of various types were perfect.

But they must go on to be tested again by the Armaments Inspection Section, to whose depot I next made my way.

THE EARS OF AIR DEFENCE

Paraboloids, inner ears of the sound detectors used for locating enemy aircraft, being produced at a factory which has been turned over to handle contracts for the Ministry of Supply. These paraboloids are mounted in groups on the sound detector units

Here I must interpolate a few comments on the need for accuracy. Instruments to control exactly every stage of the manufacture of steel for a gun could ruin the finished product if they were not absolutely correct. Micrographic photographs; instruments to control the heat of a furnace at 2,000 deg. to within a degree at certain points; hundreds of thousands of gauges for machine tools. These and a hundred other things are necessary and are being turned out now by industrial firms, in some cases side by side with their peace-time work.

It was at an inspection depôt that I saw all these things being tested, but it was too intricate for me. The all-important height-finders and predictors will have to be my theme here.

The height-finder, 18 ft. long, with a telescope at either end, thus giving breadth of angle of vision, is worked by the height-taker. Roughly speaking, he sees half the aeroplane at either end. When he has pieced these two accurately together he is dead on the object and can read the range. Cambered dials automatically transmit this into height. Meanwhile, the height-taker's two assistants have laid the instrument for line and elevation.

People have often asked me how the predictor works. Well, having seen one in action I still cannot explain fully. It is linked up with the height-finder and the guns by cables. Once given the height, dials work out the *future* position of the aeroplane at the time of firing, set the time fuses on the shells, operate gauges, which must be followed by hand, so that the guns are correctly aimed, and even allows for the variation of the shells owing to wind. And in great heat, or moisture, all these geared calculations can be varied 1 or 2 per cent. as required.

It is an amazing contraption—a box, on wheels, about 4 ft. square. There are 8,000 separate parts in it, and again it is easy to see how accurate every part must be.

So much for some of the eyes of the war. Later I was to see something of the ears at another great factory which is partly converted to war work.

Men and women here work side by side, some on smoke shell fuses, others on gramophone parts. It took only three days to convert the factory, and the men and women took even less time to learn their new work—thousands of them.

And to show the smoothness with which it was carried out I was told that the first orders in bulk were delivered within a fortnight of the order being given, despite the fact that tools had to be made and materials obtained. I watched those intricate time-fuses, working to split seconds, being made, sorted, tested, assembled, tested again by rows of women whose neat fingers seemed incapable of error.

In a room upstairs three men were making the original tools, accurate to 1/10,000th of an inch, from which other tools would be made. Enclosed in glass they were protected from grains of dust and vibration or variation in temperature.

Workmen with loving care were making parts for sound predictors. Others were at work on the first mass-produced prismatic compasses ever made for war work, and beautiful pieces of work they are, ready for every officer and most N.C.O.s in the Army to carry always with them.

Next, to the sound locators, those clumsy-looking affairs with vast ears like Dopey. The human ear can differentiate time to within 1/30,000th of a second. These great artificial ears are wide apart, but the operator sits between them. He times the sound as it comes to him through stethoscopes attached to the paraboloids, as these ears are called, until it coincides. The ears sweep sideways or upwards at a touch and as they do so the searchlight attached by cables moves exactly in harmony automatically.

When the officer is sure he is hearing dead on the target all he has to do is to press a button, and the beam should be plumb on the aeroplane. Then the height-finder and predictor come into action.

These sound locators, supposed to be the best in the world, are proving very efficient, and I regret I am not allowed to give examples of their range, or the results achieved.

One thing struck me. What happens if a gun goes off near by when the officer is listening-in through the magnified ears? The result would be a burst ear-drum probably. But there is a "cut out"—and he must remember to use it in time!

And so the eyes and ears are being turned out in their thousands, side by side with peaceful apparatus like radios or electric irons, and once again I must report that the Ministry of Supply and the manufacturers are working hand in hand. In every place this point was emphasised to me by both sides, "not as propaganda, please, but as a fact."

One last cameo, of a girl who is helping to win the war. It made me shudder to watch her. With a pair of eyebrow tweezers she picks up a screw too small to handle. She threads it on a vibrating needle, which never keeps still; this puts a thread in the screw. Each screw would have taken me half an hour. For eight hours a day she does ten a minute. Those screws are very important parts in the predictor. "She's helping to win the war as much as anyone," said her supervisor in answer to my query.

She is, but what a way to do it, the heroine.

C

BRIDGE BUILDING with the ROYAL

A 3-TON LORRY CROSSING A BRIDGE JUST COMPLETED BY A BODY OF YOUNG SAPPERS

Bridge building is only one branch of the many and varied activities of the Royal Engineers. Their ranks are being added to constantly so that the experienced veterans have behind them a body of young mechanically-minded enthusiasts. Engineers had a fine record in the Great War. In the advance of August to November, 1918, they erected in the battle area 326 steel bridges (the longest having a span of 180 ft.), 213 heavy timber bridges capable of carrying loads of 17 to 30 tons which could be used by tanks. On the outbreak of war in 1914 the Corps of Royal Engineers numbered 1,808 officers and 23,521 other ranks. At the Armistice the strength was 17,711 officers and 322,739 other ranks

ANOTHER OF THE CORPS' ACTIVITIES

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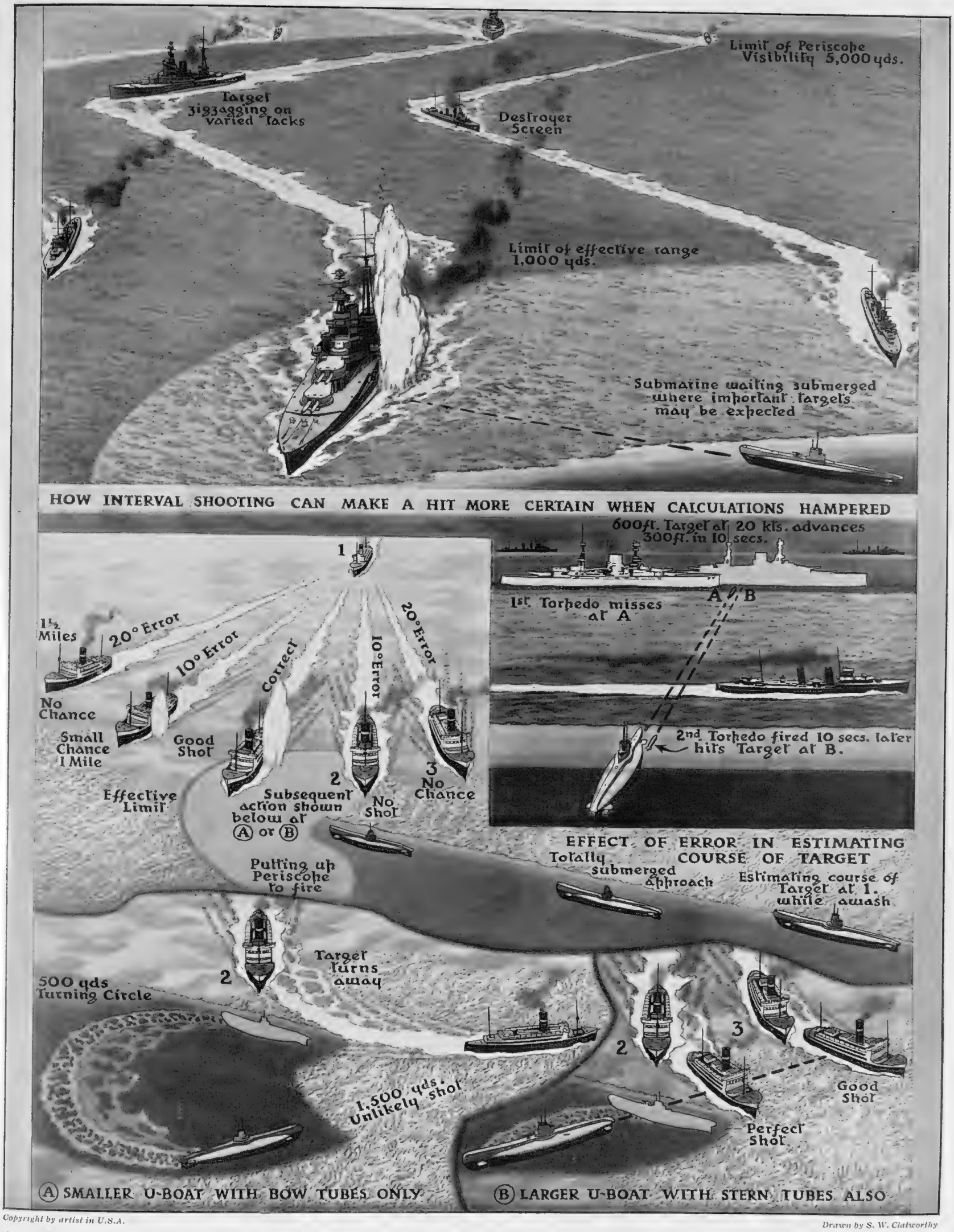

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Drawn by S. W. Clatworthy

SUBMARINE ATTACK ON A MERCHANT STEAMER AND WARSHIP

The upper section of the diagram shows a submarine lying in wait for some battleships with attendant destroyer screens. The area in which the submarine can reasonably expect to hit is indicated by a semi-circle of lighter tone in the forefront of the diagram. The problem in front of the submarine is made more difficult by the fact that the naval squadron is zigzagging. This means that at certain turns the battleships are in lucky or unlucky positions regarding a possible hit. In the above diagram, the battleship has just turned into the danger area at a convenient angle for the submarine with the resulting broadside hit. But a study of the zigzags will show that with more luck the battleship might have escaped and the submarine herself got into trouble. The middle portion shows how what is known as interval shooting will help a submarine to hit a desired target. The battleship is moving across the submarine's forward vision at right-angles. A first torpedo, marked A, may miss, but a second torpedo, fired ten seconds later, may catch the objective. In the bottom section of the page the effect of error on the part of a submarine commander in estimating the course of an oncoming merchantman is shown. If there is 10 per cent. of error, the ship will be a mile away from the desired spot. At 20 per cent. of error there will be no chance of a torpedo hitting her. If the submarine has bow tubes only she may find herself in a position towards the stern of a merchantman when a 1,500-yard shot becomes too risky to be worth while. Sometimes a submarine, in order to get the necessary alignment, will have to do a complete turn, which she can accomplish in a 500-yard turning circle.

THROUGH THE MINE-INFESTED NORTH SEA

"UNOBTRUSIVELY OUR ESCORT JOINED US, AND THE VOYAGE HAD BEGUN"

"Normally, the escort held its set stations about us," writes a correspondent on one of the convoyed vessels, "creeping along at our miserably few knots with the courteous tolerance of a schoolboy conducting his elderly aunt across the road. Several times, however, I saw them show their speed. They would suddenly dash away on an errand of their own, sometimes steaming through the convoy. Perhaps a straggler needed rounding-up, or some indication had been received by the detectors which warranted further investigation. We never heard the results of these manœuvres"

KEEPING STATION IS ONE OF THE ESSENTIAL RULES OF THE CONVOY

For No Reason Whatever May a Ship Deviate from the Set Course

There are two essential rules of convoy which no captain must fail to obey—to maintain the order of the convoy whatever happens; not to alter course except at the emergency order of the convoy commodore, or of the commander of the senior escort warship, who is in supreme command. Secondly, to select among themselves a commodore, whose identity will remain secret from the rest of the armada until the moment of sailing, when he hoists a red ensign to his mainmast. The size and speed of his ship have no bearing on a master's appointment to this important job. It is only his experience in convoy work that matters

WHEN DAYLIGHT CORRECTIONS OF

WITH A BRITISH CONVOY

WATCHING THE FOLLOWING VESSELS IN THE BRIGHT MORNING SUNLIGHT

"It is at the stern that one of our defenders, a twenty-years-old Scot confident in his six years sea experience and special gunnery course, fits up his twin Lewis guns. As he pivots his sights on to imaginary aeroplanes he tells me he is almost hoping the Nazis will attempt a low-flying bombing raid. On his last trip, he says, he picked off a couple of floating mines, but an enemy bomber would be a bag worth having"

BREAKS THERE ARE FEW POSITION TO BE MADE

It is at night that the full strain of convoy work is most apparent. Voices on the bridge drop to a whisper. "The merchantmen," writes one correspondent, "have only masked stern lights shining straight down on the water and giving just enough reflection to guide the vessel wallowing in the swell behind"

THE CONVOY ANSWER TO THE U-BOAT THREAT:

An Air Attack Successfully Beaten Off

Drawn for
"The Sphere"
by
Montague Dawson

Week after week, the convoys of me
A few have suffered attack from the
efforts have not proved successful ha
fighting planes, as in the incident sho
convoy method held that convoys wo
degree. Mr. Winston Churchill, in
the peak assault of the Germa si
adverse opinion. But the matter
proved that the convoy system did

merchantmen have been reaching British ports without loss. the air, as was indeed predicted before the war, but these having been beaten off by anti-aircraft fire and by British shown here by Montague Dawson. Pre-war criticism of the would attract the enemy's attention to a very disagreeable n his account of the institution of the convoy system after submarines on our supplies in April, 1917, records this had, perforce, to be put to the test, and the results did justify use, in spite of slowness at sea, difficulties at ports, and so forth. The number of vessels sunk declined in a gratifying manner. To-day, we have had the First Sea Lord's cautious but satisfactory reports of the way in which shipping has been reaching this island. The latest news is that faster convoys for ships at sea are to be instituted, and as more escorting vessels become available the number of convoys will be increased. This decision, which is the result of conversations between the Minister of Shipping, Sir John Gilmour, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill, was announced in the Prime Minister's statement to the House of Commons on the progress of the war. It is interesting, too, to learn that an increasing part in the convoy work is being taken by ships of the French Navy.

THE CAPTAIN AND CHIEF OFFICER OF A BRITISH CONVOYED VESSEL EXAMINE THE SEALED ORDERS AFTER PUTTING TO SEA

There had already been a conference of masters ashore at which every detail of course and position had been discussed and then the masters had returned to their various ships

DODGING DANGER

Scenes on Board

THE CONVOY TURNS NORTH AND BOAT DRILL TAKES PLACE ON THE FIRST DAY OUT

THERE IS MUCH ACTIVITY AT THE POINT OF ASSEMBLY OF A CONVOY

Each vessel joining up for the protection of a convoy is examined by a boarding officer who here is seen jumping in agile fashion from one ship to another

A few days ago the eyes of the public, that is, the descriptive writers and cameramen of Fleet Street, were enabled to accompany a convoy of some score of vessels bound northward through the North Sea to their various destinations. The ships and the notebooks and cameras foregathered at a certain port. One after another the vessels dropped anchor.

At length all was ready and a return was made to the waiting ships, a useful but drab-looking set, cutting a poor figure beside the gaudy neutrals with their flag-bepainted sides. But it was the cargo which mattered and that was being well looked after.

The destroyers, too, were storm-scarred, but full of activity, for it was upon their ears and eyes that the safety of the convoy depended. An admirable description was given of the successful journey of the convoy by Mr. J. E. Sewell, of "The Daily Telegraph and Morning

READY TO RECEIVE OFFICIAL MESSAGES IN HIS WIRELESS CABIN ON THE ESCORTED VESSEL

Mr. W. S. Leuchars, the radio officer, sat on duty in his wireless cabin—once an S O S came from a vessel being chased in the Bay of Biscay by a submarine—an unfinished fragment of a sea drama

WITH A NORTH SEA CONVOY

One of the Escorted Vessels

No sooner had the assembled ships got comfortably into position than the crews assembled on the poop deck for boat drill. Each boat was swung out on its davits on which it was to swing for the duration of the convoy. They were ready for instant lowering

A FIREMAN OF AN ESCORTED VESSEL SHARES IN THE DRILLS ON DECK

William Bruce, tattooed as to the arms with gay devices, and with standard life-jacket on his chest, smiles as he faces the camera in the morning sunlight

MAINTAINING THE STEADY PACE WHICH KEEPS THE WHOLE OF THE CONVOY IN THEIR PROPER POSITIONS

William Munro, fifty-seven-year-old engineer, has spent thirty-one years at sea and has experience of convoy work in the Great War

Post," from which we quote the following:—

"One of the first qualities required of those who sail in convoys is patience. The convoy's speed, naturally, is restricted to that of its slowest member. For days on end the faster ships must endure the sort of thing which happens to fast sports-cars when they get caught up in Bank Holiday queues, with the important difference that there are no alternative routes and no opportunities for 'cutting-in.'

"'Keeping station,' I have been told, is often a most difficult problem for these sturdy individualist skippers, many of whom, until a few weeks ago, had had no experience of convoys. Again, as on our arterial roads, it is always the fellow in front who is wrong. I shall remember with respectful awe a quiet but passionate speech delivered to the night sky by our first officer when our predecessor slipped out of his place without signalling, and either went aground on a shoal or anchored, for some reason best known to himself. Trivial as such an incident may seem to the landsman, the safety of the whole convoy had been jeopardised."

OUT OF THE GALLEYS AND CABINS COME THE CREW OF THE CONVOYED SHIP

Once experienced, the routine of a convoyed ship becomes more easy. At first . . . only an alarm of a really close attack will get them out of bunks before their proper hour

OUT WITH THE DOVER PATROL

So it is in this war; the Dover Patrol holds the southern gate of the North Sea. To relieve the pressure the German Navy must meet the Grand Fleet, which it obviously cannot do, or else break up the Dover Patrol by pre-arranged action with forces outside, which must get through the outer British lines. Small as its chances seem, the latter plan is the more hopeful, or perhaps the less hopeless, so that the patrol must always be on the alert and must never allow the monotony of the ordinary routine to blunt its keenness.

Submarines are always trying to slip through the minefields which have to be constantly watched, and one day the surprise attack by fast German forces may be launched. There will be no time for the senior officers' staff work then; it will be a matter of moments for the young officers to snatch their chance.

Below—
THE NEUTRAL SHIPPING lying ready to proceed through the Straits, shepherded by a patrol destroyer

WATCHING THE STRAITS AND THE SKY WITH A KEEN EYE With their well-armed vessels, the officers and crew of the patrol boats have the time of their lives in this pet service

A TRAIN FERRY crossing over to France under the watchful care of the Dover Patrol

THE Dover Patrol is, in this war, even more than in the last, that most joyous and popular of all naval operations, a young man's show. Senior officers there are ashore, condemned to what the junior calls a stuffy office—while he is on the open bridge of a destroyer under easy steam at 25 knots through wind and spray that cut like a knife—but supplying the careful staff work and thought which permits the patrol to cover every square mile of its area with a small-mesh net. Only an occasional senior officer is to be found afloat, generally a gallant veteran who has defied time and the Admiralty's ideas of the age limit of an officer's utility and who has sunk his high rank to get to sea again in a much junior grade in the Royal Naval Reserve. "Disrated Admirals" the irreverent junior officers call them, but there is no real lack of respect.

In some ways the patrol is much less interesting than it was from 1914 to 1919 because the Germans have not the hold on the Belgian coast which kept our ships busy bombarding and which let their fast ships get into our lines in a matter of minutes—on the few occasions when they ventured to try it. But essentially it is just the same, and just as monotonous, with the same chances of sudden excitement, as it was then.

The Dover Patrol is one of the most hated British institutions in Germany. In 1914 the ex-Kaiser insisted on basing his naval schemes on the anticipation of a close blockade of the Heligoland Bight, with British warships in a cordon making tempting targets for his submarines until they had worn us down to the strength of the High Seas Fleet and a fleet action was justified. His naval advisers who tried to tell him that such methods went out with the nineteenth century soon learned to keep silent.

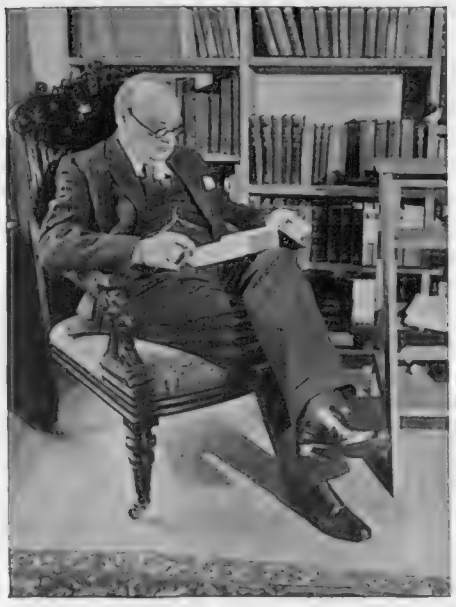
The British Navy refused to play this German game, and in its stead established the "Distant Blockade" maintained by the Grand Fleet in the north and the Dover Patrol in the south, enclosing the whole area of the North Sea.

On right—
TORPEDOES are ready for any over-adventurous enemy craft which may try to force a passage or damage the traffic of the Channel

CHARTWELL MANOR

The country home of the First Lord of the Admiralty, seen from the drive. Despite its quietude, this imposing Elizabethan mansion is situated only three-quarters of an hour away from Whitehall

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL at HOME at WESTERHAM



IN HIS STUDY

The room where histories have been written and the naval campaigns against the Nazis planned

In his home at Westerham, Kent, Mr. Winston Churchill finds the ideal surroundings for his arduous task of defeating Nazi aggression on the seas, while at the same time there is ample scope for the rest and relaxation which this highly responsible duty requires. In the grounds of Chartwell Manor can be seen examples of Mr. Churchill's proficiency in building, and a number of walls and houses bear proof of his bricklaying skill. The study is perhaps the most historic room of all, where many of his great books have been written

A STROLL IN THE GROUNDS

Mr. Winston Churchill adopts a typical pose for the camera while taking an early morning walk on the lawn at Chartwell

THE MORNING MAIL

The whole of Mr. Churchill's study is designed as a workroom with several desks of varying heights so that he may work either sitting or standing. Capacious bookshelves are let into the walls which are hung with large maps

AFTER LADY ANNE HOPE'S MARRIAGE

The groom, Lieut. P. H. J. Southby, R.N.; the bride; and the bride's sister, Lady Joan Hope

The VICEROY'S DAUGHTER WEDS

The Lady Anne Hope is the eldest of the three daughters of Their Excellencies the Viceroy of India and the Marchioness of Linlithgow. On November 6, Lady Anne was married to Lieut. P. H. J. Southby, R.N., younger son of Sir Archibald Southby, M.P., and Lady Southby, of Burford Priory, Oxfordshire. Lady Anne was born in 1914, and her bridegroom in 1913. The ceremony took place at the Church of the Redemption in New Delhi; and over 2,000 guests attended the reception in the Moghul Gardens after the wedding. Needless to say, the marriage of a Viceroy's daughter—in India, and during her father's holding of this high office—is a very rare event. Undoubtedly it was the social event of the Indian year

H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER AND H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF SIRMOOR

congratulating the bride and bridegroom after the wedding

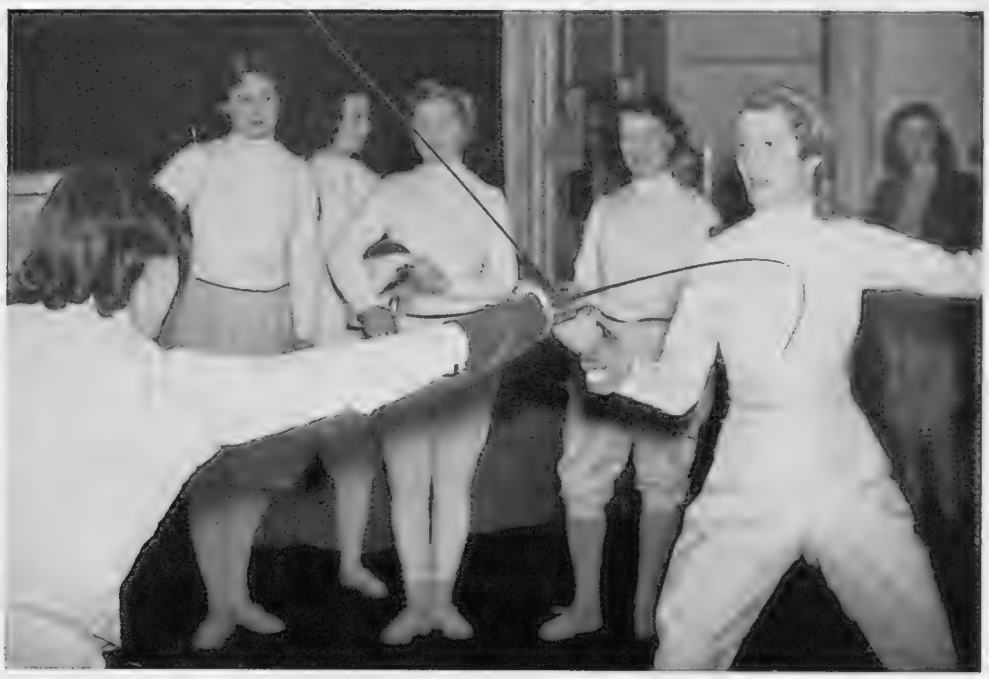
H.E. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, GENERAL SIR ROBERT CASSELS,

proposing the health of the bride and bridegroom at the wedding reception held in the Moghul Gardens after the ceremony

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE RELIEF *(Six Pictures which Only Indirectly Relate to the War)*

LINKING UP THE ISLANDS OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES

Up in the far north-west corner of Britain the problem of communications is an acute one; so sparse are the inhabitants that the rates cannot bear the burden of new roads and bridges. The former are often in a state of the acutest decay, and the latter are often of the most primitive nature. Despite financial difficulties, however, a bridge is now being planned to carry traffic over the arm of the Atlantic which ebbs and flows between the two islands of South Uist and Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides; the cost will be in the neighbourhood of £40,000. At the present time, communication between the two islands is by a ford, which is only passable at low tide. The two pictures above show (*on left*) mail and goods on the pier at Eochar waiting to cross the ford; and (*on right*) livestock trudging along the boggy road to the same spot



THE FIRST WAR-TIME FENCING MATCH IN LONDON

Although the Amateur Fencing Association have now suspended operations, the old Salle Gravé in Kensington (the second oldest Salle d'Armes in the Empire) is carrying on. It has now held its first match in London against fencers of the Salle Bertrand who have evacuated to Gravé's while their own club is closed. *On the left* are well-known fencers who took part—Miss Williams, Miss Teesdale, and Miss Sapcote. *Above*—A match is seen in progress with Miss Mary Anderson (British Junior Full Champion) scoring a hit on Miss Lyn Teesdale who, but for the war, would have represented Great Britain in the World Championships in Merano this autumn

PLOUGHING UP MORE VIRGIN LAND

In response to the Government's call for a big push in agriculture, virgin land is being ploughed up all over Britain—in town as well as in the country. Here is a scene at Blackheath, in Greater London, where 6 acres are being ploughed for the planting of potatoes

LOGS ARE NOW IN GREAT DEMAND

With the rationing of coal as a probability soon, there is now a great demand for logs. This picture was taken at Plymbridge, in South Devon, where over 10 tons of logs are cut in a day, and are sold out as soon as they are ready for disposal

OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

A Chronicle of the Rural Life Which Still Goes On In the South Country

SMALLEST CHURCHES.—West Sussex is famous for its tiny churches, and among them Terwick and Woolbeding and Didling have strong claims on the record. Terwick is a plain little stone box of the Early English period with a blue glass window to the west mentioned in Domesday Book. It was perhaps in old days a hunting chapel, for the area round Rogate was a famous "hunting centre" from very old times. The little church is placed in a rare setting, a great field which in summer is blue and pink with a great variety of lupins completely covering it. I believe they are the relics of an old market garden.

All Saints', Woolbeding, which almost abuts on the House, is Saxon, and was too freely restored in 1880; but it still has relics of good glass brought from Mottisfont Priory in Hampshire. It stands in one of the loveliest gardens in Britain.

Didling is one of those "little lost Down churches," nestling right under the South Downs between Treyford and Bepton. No doubt, it, too, was a hunting chapel which heard in old days the blessing of hounds. It enjoys the reputation of a ghost, or ghost-voice. Now and again, so local tradition has it, there rises to the roof of this tiny church the voice of an angel-chorister, which comes (and could come) from no chubby urchin from the village . . .

Under Ditchling Beacon.—When constabulary duty's to be done, an oldish man must ration his walks in his hours of leisure. But I climbed the steep Down under Ditchling the other day in order to look down on one of the loveliest sights which England offers. Under the north face of the South Downs hereabouts lie small and neat beech-woods, whose colour at that moment was a living flame of copper. Between them are mounds of indigo yews hanging like jet beads on chains made by hedges of beech, with geans and birches and other shrubs and trees, running riot in colour from every shade of yellow and gold to scarlet and crimson. The yews are, of course, the darkest shade of green imaginable but they look blue-black by contrast.

Farther off in the weald were the elms, with their leaves a spangle of vivid greens and gold. The Down fields were red-brown with dead sorrel, the hedge-margins with russet bracken, and the oaks in the hedges are still solid balloons of nigger brown.

The effect on the eye of those shining blue-black yews standing out sombrely in the riot of flame colours and browns must be seen to be believed. And in the tapestry could be discerned the little eighteenth-century farmhouses and manors and cottages, and the lost Down churches, each marked with its giant yew-tree. A sight for sore eyes and a climb which repaid the labour. It was a perfect antidote to war.

A day or two later and for many days after "God blew with His winds and they were scattered." I don't think from that lovely day to this it has ever ceased to rain and it has seldom ceased to blow.

The Story of Cowdray Park.—Cowdray possesses one of the most beautiful deer parks in Britain, with knolls crowned with noble beeches, long avenues of Spanish chestnuts, ponds and brakes, and a glorious view over the South Downs. Tucked down in a green hollow, watered by the Rother, lie the ruins of a noble Tudor house, clearly seen from the main street of Midhurst. Nowadays the public has full enjoyment of the place, for there is a golf course, and a cricket ground in the park, and in July a famous polo fortnight, which can be enjoyed at popular prices, is or was a peace-time feature. The Great House or "Stone House" was built in 1528 by Sir William Fitzwilliam who bought the place from Sir David Owen. There is a local tradition of a curse imposed on Cowdray owners by dispossessed monks—a curse by fire and water. But, though there were many famous Church establishments close by, there is little evidence of unlawful spoliation at Cowdray itself.

After the death of Fitzwilliam, Lord Southampton, the estate was inherited by his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne, in 1543. He was a notable of his day and well trusted by four sovereigns, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth. He was a rigid Catholic, but his integrity appealed to Elizabeth, and she was entertained at Cowdray at a famous visit which included deer drives in the park, during which the Queen and Lady Kildare wiped each other's eye and scratched each other's eyes out in bitter rivalry of marksmanship.

Browne, created by Mary Viscount Montague, died in 1592 and his family continued in ownership for eight generations. The 8th Lord was drowned abroad while still young and perhaps it was then that the curse was remembered or invented, for the Great House was almost completely destroyed by fire about the same moment as this Lord was drowned—in 1793. A female of the line inherited from the 9th and last Lord. She married Mr. W. S. Poyntz and had two sons and three daughters. Both boys were drowned at Bognor in 1815 before their parents' eyes. And then the potency of the curse was established.

The three surviving daughters, Lady Exeter, Lady Clinton and Miss Poyntz, did all they could to hold on to the estate but could not hold it. It was sold to Lord Egmont who lived in a small house on the estate. The ruin was never rebuilt. A new and sadly hideous house was raised higher up in the park later on. Many embarrassed Egmonts succeeded to the estate, which was sometimes let, until Sir Weetman Pearson bought it and derived from it the title of Lord Cowdray.

Of the old ruin, beautifully kept up, the stone and rose-pink brick walls remain, a glorious ceiling showing the Southampton Arms, and the kitchens which are a document of English social history.

JUST ONE OF A THOUSAND FAREWELLS

Father leaves for the front and kisses mother goodbye while the children watch the touching scene with keen interest and sympathy

"O fortunatos . . ."—Tenth week of the war.—The long-empty cottage opposite Farmer Snell's was filled at last, by folk from Alton Way. They came in last week and the first night were clearly visible to passers-by after dark through their uncovered window, as they sat round a good oil lamp. They had made no attempt at a black-out there or elsewhere in the cottage. The local Dogberry on duty, of course, called in to admonish, and this conversation took place:

Dogberry: 'Ere, wot's that lamp showing for?

Newcomer: Whoy? To see by.

Dogberry: You know the regulations, black-out and such?

Newcomer: Never 'eard no regulations.

Dogberry: There's a war on, ain't there?

Newcomer: Never 'eard of no war.

Dogberry: Oh, come off it.

Newcomer: Straight, I ain't heard of no war.

Dogberry (half convinced); Well, you read the papers and 'ear the radio.

Newcomer: Don't never see no paper and don't 'ear no radio.

Dogberry (convinced at last): Gawd's truth.

It is God's truth—an authenticated case. I am no Goebbels.

Shooting Goes On.—There has been much more shooting done than ever I expected. No doubt the unexpected turn of this siege and paper war during the first months account for it. The shooting is inconspicuously carried out, often for the benefit of serving sons and nephews suddenly given a free day at home. The nearest neighbours receive an S O S and local private schools are combed for beaters (who vie with the jays in chattering), and then the redundant stocks of cartridges are burnt and the pheasants which have not responded to the invitation to be "caught up and strangled" pay the nobler penalty or escape to run the risks again. A week of continuous rain and gales stripped the coverts with a completeness and speed that I never before saw equalled. One day they were dense and impenetrable, a week later they were as bare as in mid-December. Only the oaks held on untouched by the south-westers.

The ground is ankle deep in acorns; never was such a crop of food seen. Yet it is interesting to note that the foreign pigeons leave this food to the last, preferring the great variety of berries while that supply lasts. The pheasants are unusually fat and since feeding by keepers is now practically given up, presumably take toll of acorns. The gales brought in few woodcock. Duck are plentiful on inland ponds and marshes. War shooting is a pale shadow of the real thing. The long waits are hard to bear in patience. The mind is restless and there is none of that calm contemplation of Nature which usually fills so happily the periods of waiting before the beaters' sticks are heard tapping and the "trouble begins."

The rain it raineth . . . I was a true prophet or Jonah. A few weeks ago I prophesied that the last months of the year would make up our deficiency of rain to at least a fair average of 36 ins. When I wrote that in October we had totted up our rain figures to the end of September—23.17. Since then, I don't think it has ever ceased from raining, day or night, and mostly by day. October produced 5.32 ins., a very notable allowance, and November to date looks like giving us another October's fall. It only needs an average December to give the palm to my melancholy prophecy.

Reading in War-time.—The art of reading in war-time is one which I studied in the Great (or late) War. I don't know how many books of mine were found in the cellars of Ypres, where we dumped all superfluous luggage when we went off on "pushes." The crux of the art is to get away from the *present*, not necessarily from war and hardship. Any of C. S. Forester's glorious novels on the Peninsular and Napoleonic Wars are admirable reading and the same may be said for any of the literature of the Antarctic expeditions. Most of Scott's leaders wrote books on his expeditions and all are to be recommended.

But the Victorians are the best of all for war-time reading. They give you another age and a new set of values. It is in my mind to supply each fortnight a few selected treasures from my store-house of experience in war literature.

Here goes for a first effort: Clark-Russell's *Wreck of the Grosvenor;* Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone;* Wilkie Collins' *Moonstone;* Sheridan Le Fanu's *Uncle Silas;* Mrs. Henry Wood's *Lord Oakburn's Daughters;* Froude's *English Seamen of the XVIth Century;* and Shorthouse's *John Inglesant.*

J. G.

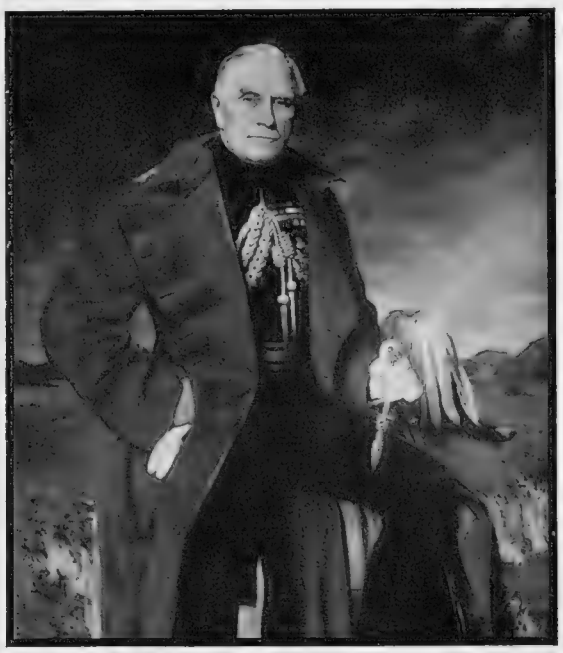
BRITISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS' BRAVE

MRS. BIRLEY by *Captain Oswald Birley, R.P., M.C.*

SONJA by *John A. M. Hay, R.P.*

MRS. JOSEPH MAUDSLAY by *Howard Somerville, R.P.*

MRS. O'CONNEL by *T. C. Dugdale, R.P., A.R.A.*



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MILNE, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O. by *Maurice Codner, R.P.*

LIEUT.-COLONEL RALPH DONALDSON-HUDSON, D.S.O. by *Captain Oswald Birley, R.P., M.C.*

The Forty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters opened with great success a few days ago at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. 1,200 people attended on the opening day and many notable people in the art world were present. The three galleries made a brave show, worthy of the high repute that British portrait painting has held for so many generations. This was in a large measure due to the waiving of the rule that no work could be submitted which had been exhibited elsewhere. This ensured the exhibition of some very fine canvases by the masters of present-day portraiture

MAJOR COURTENAY-MITCHELL by *Sir John Lavery, President R.P., R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A.*

MRS. COURTENAY-MITCHELL by *Sir John Lavery, President Royal Society of Portrait Painters*

SHOW IN WAR-TIME :

Some Striking Canvases at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly

LYNETTE by *John A. M. Hay, R.P.*

MRS. DOUGLAS WEBSTER by *T. Martine Ronaldson*

MOLL FLANDERS by *Cowan Dobson*

COL. G. L. BROWN, D.S.O., Inspector of Physical Training, 1936–39 by *Maurice Codner*

THE FALCONER: ESMOND KNIGHT, ESQ. by *Alexander Christie*

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY by *George Harcourt, Vice-President R.P., R.A.*

LADY STANLEY by *Captain Oswald Birley, R.P., M.C.*

In surveying this gallery of portraits there is a satisfactory reaction that we are a comely people—it is almost as if one were living in a Gainsborough–Romney epoch—and this impression is supported, not only by the subjects taken from a few years ago, but in the up-to-date work which hangs beside them. There is a Byronic dash about Mr. Alexander Christie's "Falconer," which is very grateful to the eye. And the younger folk and the men of to-day are equally vigorous

THE EQUIPMENT OF AN R.A.F. PILOT

And the Camera Gun which Helps in the Training of Gunner-Observers

HOW A PILOT ACCOUTRES HIMSELF FOR FLIGHT

The flying kit worn by the two pilots in these pictures might almost be called the "basic kit" of the R.A.F.—for high altitude and long distance flying there are considerable additions even to this unwieldy attire! Despite warm underclothing and an ordinary uniform suit, a Sidcot flying suit is practically indispensable, even in a cabin aircraft. The parachute and its harness bunch all the clothing into big lumpy masses, hence the necessity for knee pockets (usually fastened with zippers); then there are flying helmet, goggles, gas-mask and service cap for assumption the moment the aeroplane lands, stop watches, maps and map holder, course and direction indicator, etc., etc., etc. Once seated in the aircraft, with the parachute itself as a cushion, things are not so bad—but to walk or run (in comfort) is quite a feat!

TWO VIEWS—BACK AND FRONT—WHICH SHOW THE NORMAL EQUIPMENT OF A FLYING OFFICER IN A SERVICE AIRCRAFT

TRAINING R.A.F. PILOTS TO SHOOT STRAIGHT

At R.A.F. training stations all over the country the pick of Britain's young men are now being trained to take their place as pilots on Service machines. Many of the newcomers to the Air Force are working all day and best part of the evening to attain absolute efficiency as speedily as possible. In these two pictures, the observer is seen using a camera gun from a dummy cockpit and is shooting at a model plane which is kept on the move, to simulate an aeroplane in actual flight. The remarkable accuracy of our gunner-observers has already been proved after only three months of war

THE CAMERA GUN, WITH ITS RING SIGHT, WHICH IS NOW BEING USED IN THE TRAINING OF R.A.F. OBSERVERS

THE ALLIED AIR FORCE COMES INTO BEING

A Little-known Chapter of Air History, Which Illuminates the Position To-day

The War in the Air Described by CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

THE announcement that an Allied Air Force commanded by a British officer is to be formed in France raises a number of interesting and possibly difficult questions. The official information, which is meagre, rather suggests that this combined force would only consist of the Allied Air Forces in France and would not include the whole of the British Air Force in England, and therefore presumably would not include British bombing formations which might start from England or Scotland to bomb military objectives in Germany.

The Allied Air Force could not, in fact, include the R.A.F. in England, because if it did the Air Officer Commanding Defences of Great Britain might find himself in the uncomfortable position of being begged to supply defensive units of interceptor fighters to protect Paris, or perhaps to protect Army Headquarters in France. Something rather like that happened in 1918 when, after a number of fighter squadrons had been carefully trained and had had a good deal of practice in this country on night-flying patrols, one or two of the crack squadrons were hauled off to France to protect our own General Headquarters against enemy bombers.

As a matter of history, although few people know it, General Sir Hugh Trenchard, now Viscount Trenchard, was actually appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Inter-Allied Independent Air Force in France on October 26—fifteen days before the Armistice. At that time Sir Hugh Trenchard was commanding his own Independent Air Force, which he had invented and organised in eastern France and was busy bombing German munition centres. And there is interest in recalling that his right hand man, commanding the operations of the force, was Brigadier-General Cyril Newall, now Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of the Air Staff.

The idea of an Inter-Allied Bombing Force was put forward on July 27, 1918, in a draft resolution circulated to the Inter-Allied Supreme War Council by the French military representatives.

On August 13, M. Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister, asked Marshal Foch to draw up a general programme for the air bombardment of the interior of Germany. In his reply on September 13, Marshal Foch proposed that an Inter-Allied Bombing Force should be formed, to be commanded by Major-General Trenchard, in accord with a bombing programme which had already been accepted by the Supreme War Council. But Foch reserved to himself the right, during military operations, to use the whole or part of the proposed bombing force in battle.

This corner of history is worth recalling because it has a direct bearing on the present scheme. The proposition meant that if any mishap befell the French Army, as it did after General Nivelle's unhappily conceived attack on the Chemin des Dames, any operations which might have been planned for the bombing of enemy armament centres could be shelved while the heavy bombers were used for short range bombing behind the enemy lines in France.

Naturally this idea was not received with acclamation by Lord Trenchard's Independent Air Force, who by that time had acquired the habit of conducting a war of their own. Although theoretically, so far as the British Army was concerned, General Trenchard was under the supreme command of General Haig, the R.A.F. in the field, which was under the command of Major-General Sir John Salmond (now Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond), was quite big enough to attend to the needs of the British Army. Nevertheless, General Trenchard's force in the far east of France, round about Nancy, did in fact co-operate with the British and French armies by bombing railways and bridges in the Rhineland when big attacks were threatened.

Most of the independent force bombing was definitely against munition works at such places as Mannheim, Mainz, and Karlsruhe. And one machine of the independent force actually went as far as Essen.

The proposition for the Inter-Allied Independent Bombing Force did not meet with approval in England either. The Secretary of State for Air at that time was Lord Weir, and the Ministry feared that if the Independent Air Force were put under General Foch it would be lost to the British Army, which might in an emergency find itself starved of the co-operation of the bombers because they had been diverted for the benefit of our Allies.

A most curious memorandum was drafted by the air staff. It reads as follows:—

"The air staff is so firmly convinced of the absolute necessity for the creation of an independent fighting force and its employment in accordance with the declared policy of the air staff, that they are prepared in the event of the control of the independent force in France being vested in the Generalissimo on the Western Front, to recommend the removal of the entire force, as it stands, to England. The independent force would then be based in Norfolk and only emergency landing grounds maintained in France."

In other words, the Air Ministry was prepared to recall the independent force from eastern France and run its bomb raids from Norfolk. The scheme was to use the big four-motor Handley Page bombers, the first machines to carry a gunner in the tail, to raid Berlin, starting from Bircham Newton.

In fact, the memorandum was never put before the War Cabinet, and instead of that, Lord Weir, with the concurrence of Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, wrote to M. Clemenceau on August 26, demanding the same measure of self-control for the independent force as would be granted to a naval force, and he emphasised the fact that the independent force should be treated as ready to act in co-operation with the Army but not as auxiliary or subordinate to it.

Foch objected to that, and after a lot of argument, the agreement about the constitution of the Inter-Allied Independent Bombing Force was set forth.

Briefly the headings were thus. I quote from the official history, *The War in the Air*:—

(1) The object of the force was to carry war into Germany by attacking her industry, commerce and population.

(2) The plan of campaign was that air raids should be on a large scale and repeated as part of a methodical plan.

(3) Complete realisation of the bombing plan was not to be undertaken until the imperative requirements of the fighting had been satisfied, or during the intervals of fighting.—This naturally hampered the execution of the plan as imagined by our people. In spite of being called an independent force it was obviously subordinate to the French Generalissimo.

Clause (3) was explained by two sub-clauses: (a) During actual operations the requirements of battle were to be met, thus reducing as might be needed the strength of forces available for raids on the interior of Germany. But if bombing action had begun it was to be pursued even with reduced strength.—That was obviously bad policy, for properly planned bombing raids would depend for their success on being carried through by the force originally planned. (b) During quiet periods bombing raids were to become the chief work of the bombing force. After satisfying the air requirements of the Army all available long-range aeroplanes were to take part.

(4) The Inter-Allied Independent Air Force was to include allied flights of weight-carrying aeroplanes with a wide radius of action which were to be reinforced later. The force under General Trenchard as Commander-in-Chief was to have a staff which would include besides his existing staff an officer of each of the nations represented in the bombing force.

A footnote in the official history adds that the Allied bombers to be placed under General Trenchard were the French bomber group No. 2, the Italian bomber group No. 18, and American squadrons were to be added later. As an historical fact, no American-built aeroplanes ever crossed the lines in France in combative units. I believe that a few experimental machines were tried out over the lines.

Whether operating with and for the Army or independently, General Trenchard was to have full control of the tactics employed by his force.

Those who know General Trenchard realised at the time that whatever regulations were made, in the end Marshal Foch would have no more control over his strategic and tactical operations than he had over Admiral Jellicoe and the Allied Fleet. But he and Marshal Foch would certainly have got along very well all the same — and Foch had personally asked for him.

This announcement that an Inter-Allied Air Force is to be formed and is to be put under a British officer has naturally given the German radio commentator a grand opportunity.

His great idea is that the Inter-Allied Air Force is to be put under a British officer because the British Government is the main instigator of aggression on Germany. Actually the arrangement dates back to 1918. And ever since there has been an understanding that the French Generalissimo should command the Allied troops on the ground and that a British Air Officer should be the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces in the air. It is a very natural and sound arrangement.

A MACHINE-GUNNER IN HIS SERVICE KIT IN THE COCKPIT OF A BRITISH WARPLANE

As the war progresses it becomes more and more evident that the personnel and material of the R.A.F. are more than a match for the Germans, that Britain's thousands of warplanes are justifying the hopes placed in their efficiency, and that the men who fly and look after them are possessed of dauntless courage and supreme skill. Together with the resounding successes of the French Air Force, these facts ensure that whatever move the Nazi Air Force may make there will be adequate and crushing reply

THE MAN WHO IS FIGHTING THE U-BOATS:

Air-Marshal Sir Frederick William Bowhill, Air-Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command—known throughout the service as "Ginger." He commands the Coastal Defence aircraft which are engaged daily in air attacks on U-boats or skirmishes with enemy bombers. Sir Frederick is a fifty-nine-year-old Scot who graduated as a pilot in 1913 and served through the last war

THE SONG HIT OF "BLACK VELVET" AT THE HIPPODROME
Pat Kirkwood, Carole Lynne, Norma Dawn, and Roberta Huby singing Cole Porter's song "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," with its superb cynicism and appealing rhythm. It was this same song which made an overnight star of Mary Martin when she sang it in the United States last season

PHILIP PAGE ON THE THEATRE

Last Week's Plays and Concerts Reviewed

WITH every wish to give such help and encouragement as they may desire to those responsible for any sort of theatrical enterprise in these difficult times, I cannot truthfully say that *Married for Money*, the new farce at the Aldwych Theatre, is likely to add anything either to the gaiety of the public or to the financial resources of those concerned in it. The element of surprise, for instance, which is an essential feature of all farces, is here absent almost entirely.

Indeed, the only surprise I could feel was that Mr. Leslie Henson, our greatest comic genius and a man of vast experience in the matter of theatrical funniments, should have given his blessing to this limp affair to the extent of acting as its producer. Even if he had acted *in* it I doubt whether it would come within sight of success, though I must admit that it would have been more agreeable to see Mr. Henson doing Hensonian things than Mr. Mackenzie Ward doing them. This is not to disparage Mr. Ward, who had to bear the weight of a long, long part which the author had obviously intended to be a frightfully funny one, and he did pretty well with it in spite of the fact that clowning is hardly this able light comedian's line of country.

But it is a fact that I have never yet been bored with Mr. Henson on the stage and I do not think I ever shall be. Bored I was most thoroughly by this yarn of a penniless ass of a husband bullied by a wealthy wife; by his discovery of bags of money in a secret panel over the fireplace; by the butler; by the wife's dull friends; by the young girl in trousers and her boy friend from Canada; and by the vein of dull facetiousness in which most of these people were made to talk. A cuckoo clock chiming (or whatever it is that cuckoo clocks do) at incongruous moments relieved the monotony for some of us; at any rate it was not facetious.

An able cast did their best against heavy odds. If that clever actress, Miss Nora Swinburne, failed—and I do not say that she did—it was only because she has far too charming a personality to suggest a pecking hen, a mean-souled money-grub and that which rhymes with witch. Even Mr. Ronald Simpson, an ideal farce-actor, could make nothing of a boring solicitor, who, it seemed, was designed to be boring: this is always a dangerous device—there was a conspicuous example of it in a long and repetitive discussion about the weather. Only the master farce-writer can make stage tedium funny. In this case it was only too realistic.

More Concerts.—It is good to find symphony concerts, which closed down abruptly at the outbreak of war, are cropping up again in plenty. The London Philharmonic Orchestra, which at one time was in danger of being disbanded altogether, is now functioning vigorously under the auspices of a company labelled "Musical Culture, Ltd." (which suggests to me musical bacteria in glass phials but is doing excellent work all the same).

The veteran Royal Philharmonic Society is still carrying on; it would have indeed been a tragedy had this war killed it, since it is well over a hundred years old and survived the Napoleonic Wars as well as the 1914–18 affair, to say nothing of such comparative picnics as the South African War and the Crimea. I went to the Society's concert the other afternoon at the Queen's Hall, with the L.P.O. conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham as the attraction. The programme—Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, a cheery little symphony by Haydn (written during his London visit when he stayed in rooms in Holborn), Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, and Saint-Saens's "Rouet d'Omphale"—was attractive, with the exception of the Saint-Saens, which is end-of-the-pier sort of music. Everything was played superbly, particularly the Elgar, and Sir Thomas was in characteristically exuberant form. I noticed a group of Chinese listeners. I wonder what Chinamen think of Elgar. Or, for that matter, of Beethoven.

"Saloon Bar."—For all three acts of a longish play to take place in the same scene is taking a risk. When that scene is the bar of a public-house the risk is doubled. For whenever the interest flags there is a section of the audience—possibly quite a large section—who will bethink themselves of the real thing and who may even follow up the wishful thinking with a visit to "the nearest," where they will set about drinking the real stuff instead of watching actors gulp cold tea or burnt sugar and water or whatever is the ersatz whisky of stage use.

I do not suggest that there were periods in *Saloon Bar* at Wyndham's, the whole of which occurs in a pub and a vastly realistic one, when such drastic steps became actually pressing; far more of this play is interesting than the reverse. But there were some dullish spots, and—well, it's all about a rather mysterious crime, and I, for one, am heartily sick of all stage crimes, mysterious and non-mysterious. An old lady had been murdered, an innocent young man was in prison, charged with the crime, and there was a certain 10s. note which, from conversation in that saloon bar, I gathered to be incriminating in some deadly fashion.

But all this was less important than the folk who came in to booze and to chat and to discuss the case. If their booze was, necessarily, sham, they themselves were delightfully real, and therein lies this play's value. Mr. Gordon Harker, a loquacious bar-philosopher, who at times turned his haunt into a bar-sinister with his gruesome revelations, was the amateur detective-in-chief and Harkerised in his best vein. But there was not a weak spot in the acting anywhere. A distinguished colleague has picked on Mr. Mervyn Johns, who sat on a stool in the corner of the bar and sucked his mild-and-bitter through an Old Bill moustache, for his particular rhapsody, which I endorse, for I consider Mr. Johns a mighty good actor.

But I am going to do some rhapsodising on my own account over Miss Leueen MacGrath, who played the part of the young girl engaged to the accused man. She introduced into an atmosphere of, for the most part, triviality and conviviality, a touch of very real drama, yet her tense anxiety was never too tense. In this young actress we have, if I am not vastly mistaken, a tragedienne of the future, and—who knows?—a great one. Miss Anna Konstam's blonde barmaid and Mr. Dennis Cowles's young pest-about-town had their good points in plenty.

"SALOON BAR" AT WYNDHAM'S
Anna Konstam as Ivy, the barmaid of "The Cap and Bells": sympathises with Queenie (Leueen MacGrath) whose sweetheart is sentenced to death for a murder the "regulars" of the bar are convinced he did not commit

MISS PAT KIRKWOOD
Singing another Cole Porter song "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love." She also gives an excellent imitation of Vesta Tilley in another scene of George Black's intimate revue at the Hippodrome

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A FINNISH NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER

Dr. Franz Emil Sillanpaese, fifty-one-year-old novelist, who has been awarded the 1939 Nobel Prize for Literature, is his country's first Prize-winner. Critics have called him "the D. H. Lawrence of Finland." His novels of peasant life have been translated into English and many other languages

A WORLD-FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER RECOVERS AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF ILLNESS

A Continental doctor, Dr. Manfred Sakel, has almost cured the world-famous Russian dancer Vaslav Nijinsky, who has spent twenty years in a mental home. Nijinsky is now forty-eight years old and hopes to start dancing again after another final treatment in America. At the age of three he toured Russia with his parents and later formed his world-famous ballet. In 1914 he was made a prisoner of war in Austria and the Empress Alexandra of Russia tried in vain to have him released. He was, however, released later and went to U.S.A. In 1919 he had to be sent to a mental home in Switzerland, while on a European tour, and from that time his wife, Romola Nijinska, did all that was in her power to have him cured. Professors Freud and Jung from Zürich tried to help but without success. Mme Nijinska then joined the famous Reinhardt Miracle Company and later went to Hollywood to lecture. Her biography of her husband's life as a dancer was a great success but she soon ran out of funds again. She then went to London where the Nijinsky Foundation was created, under the protection of Lady Diana Cooper. Dr. Manfred Sakel then started his successful treatment, which has now almost restored the great dancer's health

CHARLES DICKENS' DOUBLE BECOMES MAYOR AGAIN

Councillor J. T. Hawes, who has become famous as Charles Dickens' double, has become Mayor of Chatham for the second year. A few years ago he played the role of Charles Dickens in the historical pageant at Rochester. This picture, just taken, shows Councillor Hawes holding a plaque of the great novelist which illustrates the remarkable likeness between the two

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AN AMAZING SEA VOYAGE

The Story of a 9,000-Mile Journey Across the Pacific in a Small Open Boat

IN **ESCAPE TO THE SEA** (John Murray. 8s. 6d.) are related the adventures of Fred Rebell, a name which conceals the identity of the man who did one of the most amazing open boat voyages that have ever been known. Some years ago he set out from Sydney and sailed 9,000 miles across the Pacific to Los Angeles. The voyage took a year and a week. Everything, from his name, his passport, to his navigating instruments was home made. The whole of his expenditure, including the boat itself and its stores, was £45.

His boat was smaller than Alain Gerbault's or than Captain Slocum's famous *Spray*. It was not decked in as theirs were, and the only cover was provided by a leaky canvas hood of the type that roadmenders use. His sextant was made out of a hacksaw blade and pieces of hoop iron, with scraps of a table-knife for mirrors. He made his own charts in pencil from an old atlas in which whole archipelagos of islands were missing, and as if these things did not provide sufficient hazards, "Fred Rebell" himself knew nothing more about sailing than he had read in Sydney Public Library.

Nevertheless, his voyage was successful, and he even managed to carry out his boast to a friend, that he would land in America without a passport and stay there as long as he liked.

The artistic temperament has given many an author the theme for his novel, and the licence to make it as fantastic and improbable as he considered fitting. Poets and painters and sculptors are kittle cattle, and it is difficult, or at least unusual, to picture them in everyday surroundings.

This, however, is precisely what Miss Frances Harris has done in her new novel, **IN SLEEP A KING** (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), which is the story of a man who managed to be quite a good painter and quite a remarkable sculptor and still order his life in accordance with his bank balance. He never even achieved an overdraft or lived with a woman who was not his wife; he was quixotically kind, interested in other people, he could keep house for himself and even cook. Where then was that artistic temperament?

In Nicholas Cazalet it was concentrated on his work and on what helped, inspired, or destroyed it. Even his equable temper could be roused by interference with what was the most important thing in life to him—the liberty to work in his own way. His story at the hands of Miss Harris is perhaps not a very rousing recital, but it has plenty of good sense and likeable character drawing; the whole tone of the book is kindly and most readers will find that enough recommendation.

There is adventure of a very different sort in **THE THRONE OF THE GODS** (Macmillan. 21s.). This is an account by two Swiss geologists, Dr. Arnold Heim and Dr. Gansser, of an eight months' expedition to the Central Himalayas. Both of them were equipped, not only with the instruments necessary to their scientific purpose, but with excellent cameras as well, and the magnificent photographs, more than two hundred of them, which illustrate the book, redeem what might to the layman be a threat of heaviness.

Some of the more important geological results of the expedition are being published separately. This book is a travel diary of the fullest possible kind, illustrated not only with the photographs I mention, but with the travellers' own sketches and maps and diagrams. Finally, in an appendix they give the details of their equipment, and even more interesting, suggestions for improving it.

In the meantime their record contains notes on subjects as widely diverse as rock formation, flowers, local customs, animal tracks, and incidents in their travel. Sometimes together, and sometimes apart, the two men accomplished a number of dangerous mountaineering feats, and particularly in the extracts from the diaries of the younger Dr. Gansser these are described with a liveliness that is not always common to scientists. The translation, by Eden and Cedar Paul, is smooth and admirable.

SINCE FIFTY (Faber and Faber. 21s.) is the most recent volume of Sir William Rothenstein's recollections, and covers the years from 1922 to 1938. Like its predecessors it is illustrated chiefly by reproductions of the author's own work. As before, most of the memories are of men whom Sir William has known and, by the nature of things, most of these are distinguished or even world famous. There are conversations with those of the great whose repartee is witty enough to be recorded (and Sir William has a nice sense of discrimination in these matters), and there are letters from some of the most enchanting of letter writers.

Here is T. E. Lawrence on his own writing: "About my writing you are over-kind. I don't think much of it. My style was a made up thing, very thickly encrusted with what seemed to me the tit-bits and clever wheezes of established authors. So, for book-learned people, threading it constantly but not too sharply tickles their literary memory by half-reminding them of half-forgotten pleasures. There isn't any good, or permanence, in such a derivative effort." And here he is again, defending D. H. Lawrence against a critic.

"He does not seem to have read much Lawrence, so far as I can see. He criticises only some pages of his little *Mornings in Mexico*, which are just the snap-shots of a literary artist, in the slack time while waiting for a subject—the same way as a barber snips his empty scissors all the time he is moving the comb. . . . Just the maintenance of a vital rhythm. . . ."

One letter, from the poet Robert Bridges at the age of eighty, is reproduced in facsimile, with his own vigorous and shapely writing like that in a medieval manuscript. Rabindranath Tagore is quoted on the subject of painting and Max Beerbohm on John Galsworthy. "His plays he thought too tendential. 'Galsworthy has sold his birthright for a pot of message!' he said of these."

The Regency period, which never lacks its supporters and detractors, has found yet another author to do it honour, with a gently satirical book on the loves of Lady Bessborough and Granville Leveson-Gower.

A REGENCY CHAPTER (Macmillan. 16s.) necessarily touches on the Byron-Caroline Lamb affair, but is far more concerned with the career of Caroline's brilliant mother and with her conquests. Sheridan and the Prince himself were among these, but it was to the rather unlikeable figure of Granville that she remained attached to the end of her life, and it was of his portrait that she is said to have written that haunting line, "Those eyes where I have looked my life away."

Lady Bessborough and her sister, the famous Duchess of Devonshire, were, for more than twenty years, the leaders of Whig society and the intimates of such personalities as Charles James Fox, Canning, and Madame Récamier. Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne's book has something of the elegance of the age which she depicts.

In **MRS. MINIVER** by Jan Struther (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) readers of *The Times* will recognise a feature as individual as the agony column, points from letters, that cross-word, or those third leaders. For Mrs. Miniver is an essayist with just the right touch for the page upon which she sporadically appears.

Mrs. Miniver is good value. Mrs. Miniver provokes correspondence. Some complain that there isn't enough of her: one philistine wished that she could be bombed out of what he (or was it a she?) described as her intolerable smugness.

Well, here is Mrs. Miniver in a form which her devotees will be delighted to be able to preserve, and with which her detractors will find it difficult to light a fire. Like most good essayists she repays re-reading, but should only be dipped into. Her prevailing mood is nostalgia with a fine sprinkling of the minor irritations of life. A husband, children, schools, holidays, servants, the Chelsea house, the country house, motor cars, neighbours, guests, relations, walks in the park, and so on.

In a world circumscribed by a not too uncomfortable mode of life, Mrs. Miniver is able to touch on everyday affairs with an air of detachment and a skilled use of her literary form. She can evoke memories without recourse to sentiment, and as for the irritations, she never fails to rise above them with a well-chosen and well-mannered observation.

She is, in fact, the perfect *Times* feature, and the even tenor of her way remains undisturbed through every page of this collection.

Twenty-five talented authors—poets, dramatists, novelists, essayists—as well as that charming artist, Miss Anna Zinkeisen, have had a hand in the compilation of a remarkable book called **ROSE WINDOW** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Quite obviously, I cannot quote every distinguished name; but there are dramatic pieces by Noel Coward and Emlyn Williams; the poets include Walter de la Mare, C. Day Lewis, Edmund Blunden and Humbert Wolfe; and among other contributors are Eric Linklater, A. G. Macdonell, André Maurois, as well as the beginning of a novel by J. B. Priestley. There is also a foreword by Lord Horder; and the book is illustrated throughout by Miss Anna Zinkeisen.

All this material is original: none of it has been published before; and the distinguished contributors have freely given their work that the book may be sold for the benefit of Bart's Hospital.

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SAVING LIVES in the BLACK-OUT

Pedestrians Should Be Compelled, Not Advised, To Wear Something White During the Hours of Darkness

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

WE motorists have become so accustomed to the one-sided proposals which are usually put forward by the Pedestrians Association that I feel it is only fair to that body to draw attention to the remarks of Viscount Cecil, a prominent figure in the Association, which were incorporated in a letter from him which was recently published in the press. In the letter he was deploring the terrific waste of life on the roads during the black-out period. Quite rightly he pointed out that the people using the roads during the hours of darkness were principally business people because very few individuals would be out of doors at such times for pleasure purposes.

The Government, he said, have justly insisted that the country's business should be kept going, and it was, therefore, incumbent on the Government to protect these workers from being killed or maimed. Any private motorist or any of our own motoring organisations would, I am sure, agree with these remarks. He then went on to say "Perhaps some kind of white armlet or the like might be recommended for pedestrians to wear." Every writer on motoring matters, including myself, has for the last couple of months been trying to advise pedestrians to carry something white on them when they are using the streets at night, and so I find myself in entire agreement with Lord Cecil, but I think that we want not only recommendations of this kind but definite regulations, which if not complied with will entail penalties.

In peace-time it is easy to understand that in the game of politics it is extremely unwise to saddle perhaps every individual in the community with what each one would consider an irksome requirement, even if the enforcement of the regulation was to assist in saving life. Votes would be lost and the position of the Government of the day might be imperilled at the first General Election. To-day we are at war and, if I understand the situation correctly, there will be no General Election until peace comes round and at the moment everyone is in the mood to put up with inconveniences for the good of the community at large.

The enforcement of rear lights for cyclists is an instance which shows that the Government realise the altered conditions and so they should continue the crusade for safer roads under the peculiar conditions ruling at the moment by making it compulsory for pedestrians to carry some white object on them when they use the roads at night time. Reading between the lines of Lord Cecil's letter I really think that he would agree to a definite order being made to this effect, although in his letter he appears to suggest only that a recommendation should be issued.

If the Government would agree to do this I suggest that they should go even a little farther because drastic ills require drastic remedies. Where pedestrian crossings are provided they should make it illegal for a pedestrian to cross the road at any point within some determined distance of that crossing. Lord Cecil further suggested that motorists should be extra cautious during these difficult times. Motorists, I am sure, agree that, no matter how cautious they have been in the past, they should be more so at the moment.

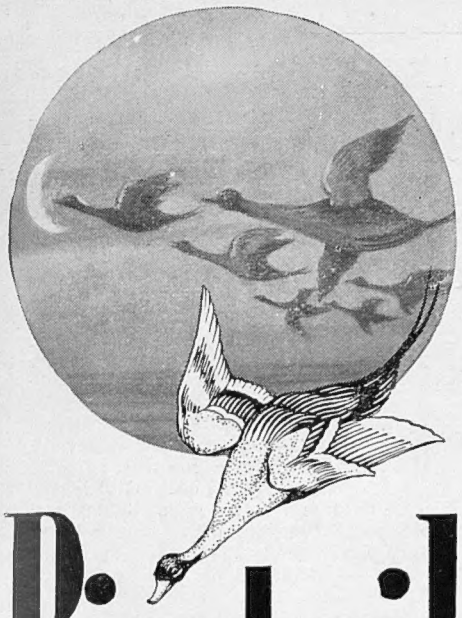
Lately in these notes I have made remarks praising the new official headlamp shield. I still think that it is quite a good device but I find that at the present moment when a small proportion of motor cars have them fitted, occasionally an oncoming driver will steer straight at me just as the lorry driver used to do at night time in the bad old days about ten years ago before lorries carried efficient headlamps of their own.

The trouble is that with the new shield an oncoming driver is definitely dazzled when at a distance if the car carrying the shield is on an upgrade approaching the summit of the rise. I cannot see how this trouble can be got over except in the case of cars fitted with lamps like those on my vehicle. These lamps have bulbs with dual filaments, and so I am able to switch over to the dim position which drops the rays of the lamp considerably. When all cars are fitted with the new shield every driver will realise that the car approaching him is not driven by a law-breaker with an unshielded light.

We have now had several frosty mornings and I, for one, have experienced considerable difficulty in starting the engine from cold. Not having had my present car in pre-war days when the quality of the petrol was satisfactory I cannot say for certain whether all my starting difficulties are due to the present "pool" spirit. During the first few weeks of the war "pool" petrol was passably good, although it varied considerably. To-day it appears to be almost standardised and it certainly makes the engine of my car pink ferociously. I suspect that it is the chief reason for my troubles in the morning. I have heard of other car owners being similarly worried and some sort of remedy must be found.

I certainly made things much easier by draining off the water from the cooling system when leaving the car in at night and filling up the radiator with really hot water in the morning.

It looks as if "pool" petrol has come to stay for the duration of the war and so motorists, at least those who drive cars which are fitted with automatic ignition, will be worried continuously with pinking. This trouble persists even if the engine is decoked more frequently than usual and even if fierce acceleration or climbing hills on top gear are eliminated. Surely some bright spark of a scientist can produce some substance, a small quantity of which when added to the petrol would banish this annoyance. Think what a godsend it would be if one could purchase for a shilling or two a box of small pills one of which when inserted in the petrol tank would stop all that pinking. We would go on our way rejoicing and the inventor and the suppliers would reap a rich harvest.



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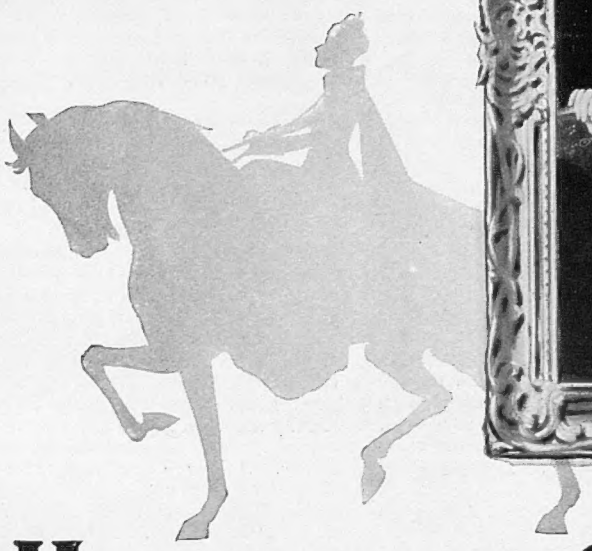

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INLAND	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 7	s. d. 14 9
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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

A Journey to Devon and Cornwall and Where to Stop En Route

BY the time this article appears in print I hope to be renewing my acquaintance with those many pleasant spots which are dotted around the Cornish coast-line.

It is a trip which I have been planning for some weeks. Limited petrol supplies have to be thought of. Hours of daylight have had to be taken into account, for heaven forbid that I find myself in some narrow Cornish lane after black-out time with my petrol tanks depleted. With the exception of the first day, 100 miles a day will be my maximum mileage and maybe there will be days when half that amount will be ample.

Here are some places, all proved favourites, which I hope to revisit, interspersed with new ones which I have noted down to investigate. For speed I shall take the fastest route I know from London, the Great West Road, Basingstoke by-pass, Whitchurch, Salisbury. Then following the Bournemouth direction posts I will turn off to Blandford, Dorchester, Axminster, and about four miles beyond Honiton (that is 156 odd miles from London) I shall pull up at Fenny Bridges for a lunch at a guest-house called Bloomfield. And no ordinary lunch will it be, for Mr. P. E. Amelot is no ordinary chef. There is many an hotelier who would be glad to enlist his services but he and his family prefer this simple and homely existence where they can cater for the needs of the wayfarer, be it just for a meal, a night, or a week. One word of warning, at this time of the year it is best to send Mr. Amelot a postcard to say you are calling. Whilst I have had pot luck there, which is a feast, a planned meal can be a banquet.

And so in good spirits I shall make the Redcliffe Hotel at Paignton by black-out time. Of course, I could have stayed at hotels of my knowledge in Torquay, but good reports have reached me concerning the Redcliffe under its present management and I have reason to believe that there I shall enjoy a good night in full measure. (For a smaller hotel in Paignton, I have no hesitation in recommending Ravenswood, Cliff Road. The pity of it is that in the role of explorer I cannot sleep in two places at once!)

Leisurely the next day I shall cross the ferry at Plymouth, though possibly lunching at Elfordleigh Hotel, Plympton, prior to my second night, at Looe—a perfect Cornish sun-trap where at the Boscarn Hotel it will only be with reluctance that I shall move on. But there is much to be done. I have to explore cove by cove the whole toe and heel of Cornwall from Falmouth to Newquay, and if you turn up the map you will see the wisdom of making Falmouth and neighbourhood my headquarters.

For here within the compass of a day's journey I can make trips to the Roseland Peninsula, St. Mawes, Porthscatho, and Nare Point. I can do the Lizard, Coverack, and St. Ives, though it may be to save retracing my steps, I shall stop one night at that very comfortable Queen's Hotel at Penzance and another at that rather palatial but none the less comfortable hotel, Tregenna Castle, at St. Ives.

In Falmouth and neighbourhood I shall again find myself in a dilemma. The Greenbank in Falmouth is the obvious choice, and yet I must put in at least one or two nights at Budock Vean Hotel. For here I have memories of warm days and hospitable nights, my bedroom view on to the Helford River, and a stroll over the golf links before lunch for well-earned liquid refreshment at the Ferry Boat inn.

Of the new places I have to visit, incognito I must walk in and incognito I must walk out. Of some I shall have to observe a discreet silence, for the law of libel would not permit of the truth, but others I shall hope to make known in these columns—and gladly.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

F.E.R. at Kent.—I presume you look forward to some form of Christmas entertainment at the hotel you wish to find. I will give you a choice of three all known to me personally:—Crest Hotel, Crowborough, Sussex. Here they will have a definite Christmas programme. Moor Park Hotel, Ninfield, near Battle, Sussex. A definite country house hotel where the Christmas arrangements will be very informal. Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, Surrey. Here you have a large hotel where they do Christmas usually more on the grand scale.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

COLOUR IN THESE DRAB DAYS

As the hours of daylight become fewer and the darkness can no longer be lit by brilliant window displays, the problem of presenting one's goods to the public becomes more and more acute. This has been admirably solved by Liberty and Co. Ltd., in the publication of a catalogue in which their wares are tastefully arrayed in all their natural colours. Thus, even during the darkest of black-outs, silks and satins gleam before the eye, furnishings to brighten the home and glassware to adorn the table, all have been illustrated with care and discernment. Travelling inconveniences will doubtless lead to a considerable amount of shopping by post and telephone, so Libertys have installed a special staff to deal with all such inquiries, a system which, with the aid of this catalogue, will present no difficulties even to the most hard-to-please of shoppers.

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The above well-known Society is carrying on its "National Service" of maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls. A.R.P. at its various Homes has been a very heavy expense and donations are most urgently needed to meet this item. Readers of THE SPHERE are asked to kindly remember the great work that this Society has been doing for the past ninety-six years when making their wills. Funds are now needed to meet the current expenses and should be sent to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Wellstown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford (Devon).—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Churston Ferrers (S. Devon).—Lupton Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—Beacon Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Maer Bay Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Harlyn Bay.—Lower Pol Mark Hotel.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ninfield (nr. Battle).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone 221
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel. Off Baker St., N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*December 2, 1939.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

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'Phone 221

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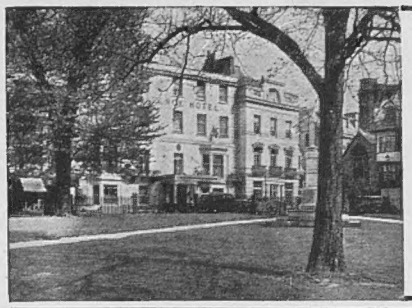

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